

THE MONTH

A Catholic Magazine and Review.

SEPTEMBER, 1883.

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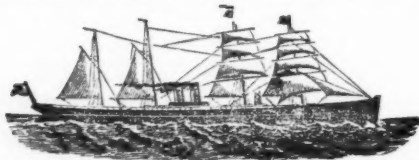
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Father Thomas Burke.

WE are not going to attempt either a biographical sketch or a panegyric of the great Dominican who has lately passed away to his reward. His biography we leave to his religious brethren, who will perform the task with the loving zeal of familiar affection. A panegyric is not needed for one so widely known and universally loved as Father Tom Burke. "No one who has listened to his voice but still has ringing in his ears at least the echo of his powerful, graceful, winning oratory. No one who has sought his spiritual guidance but reverences him as a man of singular holiness and insight into the things of God. No one who has known him in the near relations of private or monastic life but has a grateful recollection of his thoughtful kindness, the gentleness of his heart, his universal sympathy. No one who has encountered him in his playful moments but has now and again been compelled to cast aside dull care and distracting anxiety under the irresistible spell of his innocent merry wit and playful guileless humour.

Yet we cannot pass him by unnoticed. The greatest master of sacred oratory among English speaking nations within the present century has a claim merely on this ground to a few words in memory of his eloquence. A Catholic priest who has by his genius earned for himself a world-wide fame, has a right to some slight tribute to his memory in the pages of a Catholic magazine. A Friar Preacher who has attained to such eminent success in that which is the special aim and object, the distinguishing mark and characteristic, of his great Order, deserves to have his success commemorated by those who love, as all good Catholics must love, the sons of the great St. Dominic. We cannot forget him. After his own religious brethren, least of all can the sons of St. Ignatius forget him. The personal friend of many of them and the devoted admirer of their founder, never did he employ his wonderful powers of oratory to greater effect, never did his rich vein of original

thought shine with greater brilliancy, never did he hold spell-bound his audience with greater skill and success than in the panegyric which he preached on the founder of the Society of Jesus in the church of the Jesuits in London on July 31, 1880. We shall have again to allude to that never-to-be-forgotten discourse; we merely mention it now as an additional reason why we should be ungrateful indeed were we to forget its author.

Father Thomas Burke did not receive the name of Thomas at his baptism. His baptismal name was Nicholas, and he took the name of Thomas when he entered the Dominican Order, in honour of his patron in religion, the Angelic Doctor, who cast over him the shadow not of his name alone. It is needless to say that he was a sprightly, merry, mischievous child, always up to some trick or other, and often incurring well-deserved chastisement from his good pious mother, who was not unmindful of the Wise Man's advice respecting the education of children. On one memorable occasion, which in after-life he loved to talk of, a Franciscan friar came to his mother's house to complain of one of the boy's tricks. The misdoing was regarded as so serious (especially as it had excited the good friar's wrath) that poor Master Nic had to take off his shirt, and the whip was applied with such vigour that he was soon "clothed in rags of his own skin." But first of all (and it was the same on similar occasions) his good mother knelt down and made her little boy do the same, and then made him repeat slowly after her the collect, "Prevent, we beseech Thee, O Lord, all our actions," &c. "I used to join with all my heart," Father Burke used afterwards to say, "but the Lord never did *prevent* it: down the whip always came!"

It was in 1847, when he was scarce seventeen years old, that he went to Rome with the intention of carrying into effect the desire of his heart, to serve God under the cowl of the Black Friars. Those who knew him but externally would not believe that such a merry, mischievous, reckless youngster, who had ever a wicked twinkle in his eye and could not resist the attraction of a genuine bit of fun, could ever become a staid and serious monk. Perhaps they were right: staid and serious Tom Burke never was. The wicked twinkle never left his eye even when he was a Very Reverend Prior, and the love of innocent mischief and boyish fun persevered with him till his death, and helped him not a little in the great work he did for God. Somehow in his most noble flights of eloquence there

was always that dash of furtive humour which is a characteristic of great orators and introduces into the orations of Demosthenes and Cicero the unexpected *jeux de mots* or playful vein of wit, running athwart their magnificent appeals to the patriotism or justice of their listeners. But when we say he was never a staid or serious monk, we must guard our words against being misunderstood. Among the brightest sallies of fun, in the midst of laughter inextinguishable, he was serious in an instant if he were consulted by those who needed his advice in matters spiritual or temporal. Every trace of the boisterous merriment was gone, and the quiet earnest tone of heartfelt sympathy was always ready to bind up the broken heart and pour balm into the wounded soul. Those who saw him in his lighter moods could scarcely believe how grave and wise was his spiritual counsel, how he spoke as one whom God had commissioned to convey His Divine message to the troubled soul. As in the pulpit, so in the confessional, his exuberant power of fun was of great advantage to him. He was at once *en rapport* with his penitents. He buoyed them up with his own wondrous buoyancy of heart, he turned their thoughts away from themselves by his dashes of well-timed humour, he filled the most diffident with confidence, he introduced thoughts of Heaven and aspirations after God in such a genial and natural way that virtue became attractive to those who had before shrunk from it, and religion could not fail to seem full of cheerfulness and joy when spoken of by one who was himself so cheery and joyous. The words which Cardinal Newman has written of St. Paul have already been applied most aptly to Father Burke, and we cannot do better than quote them again.

His mind was like some instrument of music, harp or viol, the strings of which vibrate, though untouched, by the notes which other instruments give forth; and he was ever, according to his own precept, "rejoicing with them that rejoice, and weeping with them that weep;" and thus he was the least magisterial of all teachers, and the gentlest and most amiable of all rulers.

As one might have safely conjectured without being informed of the fact, Father Burke was a lover of little children. His own innocent soul reflected their innocence, revelled in their childish fun. "I am always happy," he once said, "when I am with a little child." He himself had something childlike about him. He had that childlike faculty of being easily amused that God often gives to the pure of heart, and that makes them full of simple merriment over the merest trifle, lighting it up with the

joy of their own happy hearts. In the same way Father Burke was always light-hearted, always happy, always ready to throw himself into the occupation of the hour whatever it might be, serious or playful, grave or gay. Nothing came amiss to him if it promoted the work to which his life was devoted. As regards his own personal predilections, he always rejoiced when he could retire into the peaceful quiet of his convent and there be alone with God.

If Father Burke imitated his Divine Master in His love for children, none the less did he share His love for the poor. When he sailed for America, it is recorded of him that he purposely sought out a ship where there were many steerage passengers and spent the greater part of the voyage among them, cheering them, comforting them, encouraging them to be faithful to their holy religion in their new home across the Atlantic. Needless to say that he won the hearts of all, and many an eye was dim with tears when they bid Father Tom adieu. As he loved the poor during his life, so he showed his love for them in his death. His last effort, only a few days before his death, when he could scarcely drag himself from off his bed into the church and with difficulty ascended the pulpit stairs, was in behalf of the poor. He had been asked to preach for the poor starving children of Donegal, and though he was utterly unfit for the task, he could not resist the double appeal of childhood and poverty. They were the little ones of Jesus Christ; they were the poor of Jesus Christ, and even if it cost him whatever of life still remained, he could not refuse their petition.

It was in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, Upper Gardiner Street, Dublin, only a few days before his death, that this last sermon was preached. His appeal, touching and pathetic in itself, was all the more touching and pathetic because his utter prostration was unmistakeably evident to his hearers. In fact he could scarcely speak. It was indeed a mournful and touching sight to see this brave soldier of Christ battling on against excruciating pain in order that he might be the means of saving those poor children from starvation. It was a scene which summed up all his life, a scene of sacrifice for Jesus Christ. "There is left only food enough," he said, "to supply those poor hungry children for one week and three days more. How short a time! One week and then Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and then, if no help comes, the grave must open to receive them!" It was on the Monday

of which he spoke that he died, and on the Wednesday he was buried, just as if he himself had purposely gone before the time of their utter destitution to plead before the Throne of God the cause of those little Irish children he loved so dearly.

It was to his good mother's training that under God he chiefly owed his holy life and happy death. Her own piety had ensured graces without number for her son. In the famine times she took a whole family of starving children into the house and fed them with her own children, making them all kneel down and say the Rosary before each meal. In after-life, when her "Nic" had become famous, his poor old mother was dreadfully afraid that he might be injured by his success, and that vanity might lead him to dwell with satisfaction on his own gifts. She used to say her beads constantly for him that he might not become vain and so fall away from God. Once when he was in Galway and the papers were loud in his praise, some one read out some laudatory passage in her hearing. Instead of being pleased at the notice of him, she looked displeased and said: "Never mind them, Nic, my son, they would say the same of any blackguard that came round."

But his remarkable humility made him proof against any such assaults of the evil one. His humility showed itself in various ways. He had a most profound sense of the vanity and emptiness of all worldly esteem and honour. God and the Church were his one thought. He had praise and adulation enough to ruin any man, but it never seemed to make any impression upon Father Burke. It somehow slipped past him unnoticed. It was the work God had given him to do which absorbed his thoughts. He had attained that high level of the religious life where self-consciousness, or rather a consciousness of self, disappears altogether. It was only when some attempt more obvious than usual to glorify him at the expense of truth attracted his notice and roused his ire that he paid any attention to such things. Once in a large company a man of high position of the same name as himself introduced Father Tom as a distant member of his family. "Not at all," said Father Burke at once, with more of the brogue than usual. "Shure, ain't I the son of Tom Burke the baker?"

Father Burke had learned humility in that best of schools, the school of suffering. Few men who continue in active work, as he did, have such intense bodily suffering to struggle against, sometimes amounting to an almost excruciating agony. A few weeks before his death one of the Dominican Fathers who was

taking him round the church at Haverstock Hill was telling him the extraordinary number of panes of glass in one of the stained glass windows, when he remarked with a look of mingled humour and distress, "I tell you there are not nearly as many *panes* in that window as in my poor body." For years his suffering had been almost continuous, owing to internal ulceration. But so far from beating him down, it seemed to rouse him to greater activity, and only evoked fresh bursts of drollery. While undergoing a most agonizing operation, he was more brisk and full of fun than ever. When he was about to be literally cut open with a view to discover the character of the ulceration, he told the doctors a most absurd story during the preparations. He absolutely refused to take chloroform, preferring to endure the agony for the sake of that Master who had endured the agony on the Cross for him. While the operation was being performed, Father Burke, under stress of the agony, uttered a groan. "Poor fellow!" said a Protestant doctor who was holding his head, in kindly pity. "Don't pity me," replied Father Burke quickly; "it is the best thing that could happen to me. If your friend Martin Luther had had a touch of this when he first began his tantrums, he might have been in Heaven now!" When the operators reached the seat of the ulceration, some one asked him whether he would like one of the Fathers who was his confessor to be sent for. "No," was the answer; "it is not necessary; he has known my interior for years. Besides, there is an axiom in theology: *Ecclesia non judicat de internis.*"

Father Burke's love of innocent mischief accompanied him to the last. Only a short time before his death he was coming over to England, and at Holyhead happened to be alone in a second class carriage with a small dark man, who somewhat resembled the portrait of Marwood. Presently, to the disgust of his fellow-traveller, a number of labouring men came up to the carriage, deposited their bundles, and ran off for a drink before the train started. "What a nuisance," said Father Burke's fellow-traveller; "I thought we should have the carriage to ourselves. You are a priest; cannot you make your fellow-countrymen go elsewhere?" "Certainly," said Father Burke, "if you will leave me free to use what means I like." The man consented, and when the Irishmen returned and greeted him respectfully, Father Burke made a significant grimace, and pointing over his shoulder into the carriage, whispered to them, "Marwood." Then turning to his fellow-

traveller he said aloud, "Well, sir, did it all go off well at Kilmainham?" The man looked astonished, and answered doubtfully, "Yes, very well." This was quite enough. The Irishmen seized their bundles and left the carriage with hot haste, as if the very devil were there.

When the man heard of the trick that was played on him he was not a little wrath with Father Tom, who had the malicious satisfaction, after he had left the carriage at Chester, of seeing a crowd of curious and inquisitive faces gather round it in order to catch a glimpse of the supposed hangman.

To say that he was an intense lover of Ireland is unnecessary. His visit to America and the lectures he delivered there on Irish subjects did much to counteract the mischief wrought by Mr. J. H. Froude, who had come to the States with the express object of prejudicing the American mind against poor Erin. Father Burke, on the contrary, had come across the Atlantic as visitor of the Dominican Order. When he was urged to reply to Froude's calumnies, he objected that he had no books and no means of mastering the subject. But a friend gave him the run of a well-stocked library and the result was the magnificent series of lectures which are still sold in a popular edition in England and Ireland, as well as in the States. The work he did in America was enough to break down any man of ordinary vigour and energy. He lectured and preached incessantly, sometimes three times on the same Sunday. In Boston on one occasion he addressed forty thousand people, and special trains were run from neighbouring cities for the benefit of those who desired to listen to his eloquence.

The chief sources of his power as an orator were his splendid action, magnificent force, richness and rapidity of thought, and marvellous dramatic power. He rarely wrote his sermons out, and when he did he scarcely ever kept to what he had written. His eloquence was of that spontaneous character that will not brook the trammels of memory. He mapped out carefully the main divisions of what he was going to say, and prepared the substance of it, but for the form he was almost compelled to trust to his unpremeditated eloquence and to his inimitable readiness of wit. His thorough acquaintance with St. Thomas, his immense theological knowledge, and his wide information on general subjects, stood him in good stead when long preparation was impossible, and his wonderful flow of language never concealed any scantiness of the ideas it expressed. On

the contrary, if his language held his audience entranced, the richness of thought underlying his words gave to his sermons a solid and lasting influence over the minds of those who listened to him. In this respect he was perhaps without a rival. Most great preachers have weeks or months set apart for the preparation of their discourses. Massillon, Bourdaloue, and Segneri preached (as was pointed out in the meeting held to inaugurate some memorial commemorative of his genius) only on certain extraordinary occasions and at long intervals of time. But Father Burke was always ready at the beck of any struggling nun or curate or parish priest or charitable institution, while for the last ten years of his life an insidious disease was wearing and torturing him with constant pain. But in spite of all this his power never seemed to flag. His sermon on the opening of the Dominican Church at Haverstock Hill, though he was wretchedly ill at the time, and it was not considered as at all one of his most successful efforts, was nevertheless full of a deep thoughtfulness which made it intensely interesting, and abounded in striking passages exactly descriptive of the moral and intellectual dangers rife in the present day. It has been remarked of him that his eloquence was always logical, always devoid of exaggeration, and his every statement would have stood the most critical test. At the same time there was an *elan* about it, a vigorous enthusiasm, a loving fervour which carried his audience with him irresistibly. His language was never turgid or bombastic, but simple and unstudied: it derived its force chiefly from the intense earnestness of the speaker.

One of the most touching and perhaps one of the grandest sermons he ever preached was preached in London shortly before his death. It was on the Gospel, "This Man receiveth sinners and eateth with them." The way in which he painted the mercy of God and the sinner's return to Him was masterly, and strong men around the pulpit were moved to tears. A good judge of oratory and distinguished lawyer who had often listened to him, pronounced this the best sermon he had ever heard him preach.

But we believe that Father Burke never preached in the course of his whole career a finer or more eloquent sermon than the panegyric of St. Ignatius, to which we have already alluded. We have heard a distinguished ecclesiastic who listened under circumstances of ill-health and personal discomfort sufficient to render tedious the most beautiful discourse, declare that the hour and a quarter passed like a few

minutes, and that he was heartily sorry when it was over. Many of our readers are familiar with it, perhaps some themselves heard it. It was not so much the graceful rhetoric adorning it that held spellbound the listeners, as the new aspect of St. Ignatius' character it presented, and the fresh beauties the master painter drew forth in his portrait of the Saint. We add a short extract from it, though we hope that our readers will not judge of it as a whole from a single passage, which gives but a very imperfect idea of its general beauty. Speaking, towards the close of the sermon, of the suppression of the Society by Clement the Fourteenth, he says—

The highest test of every virtue is death. St. Paul, extolling the obedience of our Divine Lord, by which the world was saved, tells us that "He was made obedient unto death," and so, at the sound of the voice that alone commanded his obedience, Ignatius and his great Society died and made no sign. O grand and heroic death, the greatest of all the greatnesses of Ignatius! And now the enemies of the Church sang their song of triumph. The great Jesuit missions of Africa and South America languished and almost died. The flourishing community of Paraguay fell back into barbarism, and the land became once more a wilderness. It is not only the Catholic who grieves; every one who loves the human race, and its happiness and progress, must shed a tear on beholding the ruin and desolation which the expulsion and persecution of the Jesuits brought upon the poor darkened races of these distant continents. Meantime, in Europe it seemed as if Hell itself had opened, such was the torrent of impiety and revolution that swept over the land. For forty years Ignatius lay, not dead but sleeping. He was not dead. The silver cord was not utterly broken. Some strains of the golden fillet yet remained—a few old men still lived and treasured the grand traditions of their Order when, in 1814, Pius the Seventh, immortal for his sufferings and his virtues, restored to the Church and to mankind the great Society of Jesus. At the sound of the same potent voice which had commanded him to die, Ignatius rose again from the dead, and with redoubled energy, in the same spirit as of old, with the hallowed traditions still unbroken because of the living links that preserved them, set himself to his familiar life of labour and of suffering. Of labour: never was the Society more energetic or stronger than since its restoration. Of suffering: for never was it more persecuted than at the present hour. Yet how vainly do they labour who seek to compass its destruction. That which is risen from the dead is immortal. Every Order in the Church represents some feature in the life and character of our Divine Lord Jesus Christ. His contemplation and prayer are represented by St. Benedict and St. Bruno; His evangelical and abject poverty by St. Francis; His labours in preaching by St. Dominick, and so of others. There was, however, one phase in the life of our Blessed

Saviour yet unrepresented in the Church, and that was His glorious life after His Resurrection from the dead, and the great privilege of representing this was reserved to St. Ignatius and the Jesuits. They are the only body in the Church which died and rose again. They represent the phase of our Blessed Lord's Life of which the inspired Apostle writes: "Christ rising from the dead dies no more. Death hath no more dominion over Him."

If we were to point out what we believe to be the leading traits of Father Burke's character, we should sum them all up in his exceeding simplicity. True simplicity in its highest form includes all the other virtues. It is the reflex of the perfect simplicity of God which includes and is all His other perfections. Simplicity in man, singleness of aim, abolishes self to put God and God's work in its place. Thus it includes humility, charity, zeal, prudence, obedience, fortitude. It was Father Burke's simplicity which made him the good, holy, humble religious that he was, and his simplicity perfected the wonderful natural gifts God had given him. In his oratory he was always simple: in his dealing with souls he was always simple: in suffering and in joy he was always simple. Even in his rollicking and almost reckless mirth, he was always simple, and his raciest stories always tended, however latent the tendency, somehow or other to promote the glory of God, to point some useful moral. The inimitable song on the celebrated *Mrs. Smiley* poured well-merited obloquy on the shameless proselytism of Protestant bird's nests. The equally irresistible story of Father Johnny Roach and his sermon was, under the surface, eminently instructive. Father Burke in his drollest moods had always in view the service of his Master. In that Master's cause he battled on bravely till the last, and the words of the Wise Man respecting Israel's sweet singer may be applied with but a slight change of meaning to Father Burke:

"With his whole heart he praised the Lord, and loved God that made him: and He gave him power over his enemies. In all his works he gave thanks to the holy One, and to the most High, *with glorious words*. And to the festivals he added beauty, that they should praise the holy name of the Lord and magnify the holiness of God."

The English Pilgrimage to Lourdes.

The foolish things of the world hath God chosen that He may confound the wise ; and the weak things of the world hath God chosen that He may confound the strong.

FROM the first moment when the Blessed Virgin chose the humble village of Lourdes in which to manifest herself to an obscure peasant child, to the present day when persons of every nation, rank, and age, bow themselves to the dust before the niche in the rock—whilst the most inveterate sceptics are forced by the testimony of their own senses to allow the reality of facts which they are reluctant to admit, and yet powerless to deny—it has been throughout the same story, the triumph of littleness over greatness, and of the “foolishness of God” over the wisdom of men.

The story told by the ignorant little girl, and the wonders wrought by the slender stream which flowed forth from the rock beneath her hands, have gone further to confound the objections of the sceptical criticism which calls itself modern thought, than the arguments of the most learned apologists or of the most subtle theologians. God has taken the weak and the foolish things of the world into His hands, and with these for His instruments has overcome those who, in the pride of their intellect, had set themselves up against Him—has silenced the learned and bewildered the scientific—and in the midst of the most mocking incredulous age, has shown us the Grotto of Lourdes as an irrefragable testimony to His existence, His power, and His love.

What wonder then if the English Pilgrimage, of which we have heard so much lately, and from which we still confidently expect greater things in the future, should have had very humble beginnings?

Five and twenty years have passed since the first manifestation at Lourdes, and in that time the little Grotto of Massabielle has grown to be a place of world-wide devotion.

From the furthest provinces of France and Spain, nay, from distant lands beyond the sea, came devout pilgrims, singly, or in solemn procession with waving of banners and sacred chants, to prostrate themselves before the spot where the feet of the Mother of God once rested, and rising up healed of their disorders and consoled in their afflictions, returned to their homes giving thanks to God, and spreading far and wide devotion to our Blessed Lady and faith in her Divine Son. But as yet no pilgrimage had gone forth from our English shores. In the land which had once been the dowry of Mary, hearts were still too cold or too apathetic, or too full of human respect, to care to exhibit by any public demonstration, the love and devotion they inwardly cherished towards their Virgin Queen. Attempts had been made to organize an English Pilgrimage, but they had all fallen through. God's time was perhaps not yet ripe; or was it that our hearts were not yet ready? We only know that the work has at length been accomplished, and that a few weeks ago, mainly by the exertions of the priest of one of the poorest parishes in London, an English Pilgrimage finally made its way to Lourdes, and placed the banner of St. George, side by side with a hundred others, at the feet of our Lady.

It was in April, 1883, in a conversation between Father Ring, of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, Tower Hill, and one of his parishioners, that the idea of the Pilgrimage was first mentioned. It at once struck root in the hearts of both, and urged on by the love of God and the great possibilities of saving souls, which he foresaw in the future, Father Ring forthwith set to work to accomplish its realization. Gathering experience from the failure of every previous attempt of the kind, it was resolved that the present Pilgrimage should be started on an entirely new principle, viz., that the pilgrims should be few in number, that there should be no public ceremonial at starting, nor any of the ordinary accompaniments of a popular pilgrimage, but that each individual should find his own way to the shrine, all assembling there at a given date for the prescribed devotions, and that the fewness of the actual pilgrims should be compensated for by an extraordinary number of associates. A scheme was then proposed to the Bishops and Clergy of England, with the warm approbation of the Cardinal Archbishop, and was at once cordially taken up by them. It may perhaps be best described as a vast association of prayer,

by which those who were prevented from accomplishing the actual journey might, by the performance of certain acts of devotion, participate in the spirit of the Pilgrimage, and obtain a share in its graces. The conditions requisite for this participation were such as could be fulfilled by any one, and comprised certain prayers, together with a day's fasting. This last was in many cases commuted for an alms, though the number of those who willingly undertook the fast testified to the reality of their devotion. The prayers were to occupy the space of nine days, including in the last three the triduo which the pilgrims themselves were to make at Lourdes. Steps were at once taken to propagate the idea among all classes, and in an incredibly short time the number of associates, whose names poured in upon Father Ring, bore abundant witness to the ardour with which it had been received.

At the first meeting of the Committee it was announced that about fifty intending pilgrims had already sent in their names, and that several thousand associates had been enrolled; while when the second meeting was held about a fortnight later, the number of pilgrims had reached one hundred and fifty, and the number of associates some hundred thousands. In the course of five weeks nearly a million associates had been enrolled, and these not only in England, but from America, Australia, and most of the British Colonies.

The 21st of May was the date assigned for the assembling of the English pilgrims at Lourdes, and nine days before a Novena was begun at the Church of the English Martyrs, Tower Hill, for the success of the enterprise. On Whit Sunday, the 13th of May, in the presence of a large number of intending pilgrims and associates, the banners to be borne in the procession were solemnly blessed, whilst in a few earnest words Father Ring urged on those present the necessity of increased devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and placed before them the motives and intentions of the Pilgrimage.

On the 16th of May, those members of the Pilgrimage who had already arrived in Paris were assembled by Father Ring in the votive Church of Montmartre, where Mass was said for them and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament given. It was not until the afternoon of the 21st that the first assembling of all the pilgrims took place. The railway station at Lourdes had been selected as the place of meeting, and as the hour drew near groups of twos and threes were seen making their way to the

spot from all sides, and mingling in the little crowd that had collected in the station yard, awaiting the final orders for the procession. At last all were there, some two hundred and eighty in number, each wearing the badge of the Pilgrimage, a small blue and silver ribbon with a medal attached, and formed in two files, the women first, headed by the banner of the Children of Mary, and the men following with the great banner of St. George. The clergy in their white robes brought up the rear, and as the long line left the station the choir intoned the hymn of the pilgrims, with its ringing chorus of *Ave Maria*. The chant was quickly taken up by the others, and for the first time the echoes of Lourdes awoke to the sound of English voices, as the procession wound its way through the narrow streets of the town, and down the long hill that leads to the Grotto. On reaching the door of the great Basilica it was met by one of the missionary Fathers, Père Hournoux, who came out from the church attended by cross-bearer and acolyte, to welcome the pilgrims to our Lady's Shrine. All then entered the church and knelt before the altar, whence a few touching and heartfelt words of greeting were spoken by Père Hournoux, and after a short address from Father Ring, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given, and all dispersed, being bidden to re-assemble in the evening before the Grotto.

At eight o'clock, then, as the shadows of evening were beginning to close in, the pilgrims met again in the little open space before the Grotto. Photographs of Lourdes, of the Grotto and the Basilica are so common now, that a very short description will suffice for those who would care to bring before their eyes the exact scene of that evening. The Grotto itself is merely a shallow though somewhat lofty cave at the foot of a pile of old rocks, known in the *patois* of the district as Massabielle. Above the entrance to the cave are two small openings or niches in the rock, around the edges of which a wild rose-tree has trained its branches. It was in the upper and larger of these two niches that the Blessed Virgin appeared to Bernadette, and it is there that the statue now stands even as the child saw her, with upturned eyes and clasped hands, the words she uttered on the occasion forming an aureole in crystal letters round her head—*Je suis l'Immaculée Conception*. The entrance to the Grotto is closed by high iron railings, the gates of which are left open all day to allow the crowds who come to enter and press their lips against the blessed rock, or add their votive

candle to the pyramid of light, that burns continually before the shrine. The arch of the Grotto is hung all over with crutches and sticks, discarded emblems of the infirmities that have been cured there, and within the railings are ranged litters and barrows that have also been left behind by their owners who now need them no longer. The water from the interior has been conducted by pipes to a receptacle outside, where pilgrims may drink of it, and to bath houses, also in the close vicinity, for the sick. The river which flowed formerly along the base of the rocks has been turned slightly from its course, and now flows on the other side of the low stone wall that bounds the little asphalted *Place* in front of the Grotto, the rush of its water forming a strange and pleasing accompaniment to the murmurs of the little crowd of worshippers. On this *Place* benches have been ranged and a small wooden pulpit erected, and here it was that the pilgrims assembled for their devotions on that Monday evening. The little service began with a short fervent allocution from Father Ring on the motives of the Pilgrimage; hymns were then sung and the *Magnificat* chanted, and special prayers offered for all the associates, whose supplications, in union with their own, were mounting up to the Throne of God.

At eight o'clock next morning the members of the Pilgrimage were again assembled in the great Basilica, where Mass was specially said for them, and all received Holy Communion. A Mass of Thanksgiving followed, after which the procession formed in the same order as on the previous day, and passed down the winding path that leads from the Basilica to the Grotto, the pilgrims chanting the *Miserere* as they went. As soon as the Grotto was reached all knelt, and the Rosary and Litanies were said aloud. During the recital of these prayers the sick persons who had accompanied the Pilgrimage were brought into the Grotto, one by one, and each in turn humbling himself before the Blessed Mother of God, kissed the ground sanctified by her touch, and having drunk of the spring, went to seek his cure in the fulfilment of her own behest of washing in the water. Many of the bystanders followed and knelt around the door of the little building after the sick had entered, joining in prayer with those who still knelt before the Grotto. It was very touching to see this assembly of persons, many of whom were total strangers to each other, united as with one heart in prayer for the one intention, kneeling with arms extended and bowed head,

stooping every now and again to kiss the ground in token of humility and resignation, as though hoping thereby to incline the ear of our Lord and His Mother to their prayers. Perhaps it is as well to say here, that neither that morning, nor on any of the following days, was any visible token of the power of God vouchsafed to their entreaty, though the same touching scene was repeated as long as the Pilgrimage lasted ; that is to say, no authentic miracle was worked upon any of the sick who had accompanied the pilgrims from England.

It is in vain for us to attempt to penetrate the secrets of God, or to search for a key to the mysterious workings of His will. We cannot say why to those who, with so much fervour, poured out their prayer before Him, He should have refused what had been granted to so many others. We can only bow our heads lower, and say our *Fiat voluntas Tua* with more perfect resignation, feeling certain that some good end has been attained, though we know it not, and hoping that the wonders which God would not work in public and in the broad gaze of day, He has worked in the hearts of many who were there, and that silent miracles of grace, which will probably never be revealed to mortal ken, have been the fruit of the prayers then offered for a very different intention.

At four o'clock in the afternoon a sermon was preached by Father Ring in the Basilica, and Benediction was given for the members of the Pilgrimage, and again in the evening a short service was held in the Grotto, where Rosary was said and a hymn sung. Before night, however, rain came on, and, to the disappointment of many, the heavy showers prevented the procession which had been arranged from taking place that evening.

The next morning was gloomy and lowering, a contrast to the hot sunshine of the two previous days. There was, nevertheless, a large gathering of pilgrims at the seven o'clock Mass, and again all present ascended to the altar and received the Bread of Life. The procession to the Grotto after Mass had to be abandoned on account of the weather, but it was fixed to take place later in the day, when the rain entirely cleared off. At four o'clock, as on the previous day, Benediction was given and a short sermon preached by Father Ring. During the service the *ex votos* and offerings brought by the pilgrims, together with the written petitions to our Lady, numbering in all nearly 100,000, were displayed upon small tables in the

sanctuary, and at the close of the ceremony, each person advancing to the altar steps received a bundle of petitions, which they then bore in procession to the Grotto, depositing them on the altar, whence they were taken and placed in a spot appropriated to the reception of such things. It may be a childish practice, if you will, this of sending letters to the Blessed Virgin, but it is hardly a useless or a foolish one, though many thoughtless persons may in their ignorance characterize it as such. Nothing can be useless that teaches us to realize more nearly the constant and ever watchful solicitude of the Almighty for our daily wants, nor foolish that brings us into closer and more intimate relations with Him. The simple unquestioning faith evinced in many of these little letters must surely have been very grateful in His sight. When all the petitions had been presented, an offering of money was made by each of the members towards the building of the New Church of the Rosary, thus fulfilling one of the conditions for the gaining of the Jubilee indulgence.

The torchlight procession, postponed from the previous day, had been fixed to take place that evening, and accordingly at eight o'clock all assembled before the Grotto, each one bearing a tall wax taper in his hand. As soon as the sermon was over the ranks were formed, still in the same order as had been observed hitherto—the Children of Mary first, with their banner, then the banner of Our Lady of Lourdes, and lastly the men with the banner of St. George. Entering the winding path that leads up the hill from the Grotto, they passed round the terrace that projects from the Basilica, and so on to an oval plateau before the Church. It was a most beautiful and impressive spectacle, and one that will remain impressed for ever on the minds of those who witnessed it. The long line of light winding in and out through the chesnut and lilac trees of the wooded slope, the soft melody of the voices floating out on the evening air down the valley, the low hum of the prayer which alternated with the singing and blended with the murmur of the mountain torrent below; the mountains themselves, standing out black against the sky where the moon was beginning to rise, and behind which again one caught, from time to time, glimpses of the snowy Pyrenees—all seemed to harmonize together and produced in the soul a solemn feeling of exultation, a sudden realization of the joyfulness of our faith, a feeling of pity for those who were not there, and of sympathy with those whose

voices were mounting up with one's own through the still air, and, above all, a great thankfulness for having been permitted to share in this beautiful act of praise.

After following the route, as described, the procession at last halted before an illuminated statue of our Lady at one end of the plateau, and the ceremony was terminated by the invocation of special blessings on all who had taken part in it, whether by act or by intention, naming, one after another, the different places which had been associated to the Pilgrimage and imploring favours for each.

Thursday was Corpus Christi and the last day of the Pilgrimage. By special permission Mass was allowed to be said that morning for the English Pilgrims in the Grotto itself, the congregation assembling on the little place outside, whilst the priest officiated before them at a small wooden altar placed at the entrance of the Grotto. It would be difficult to imagine a more beautiful or fitting termination to the devotions of the last three days than this Mass, celebrated not in any temple made with hands, but in the glorious temple of nature, under God's own canopy of heaven, with the fragrance of the May morning for incense, and for music the songs of the birds and the murmur of the rushing waters—whilst the hearts of all were full of rapt adoration before the God who was present amidst them in this humble spot, as formerly among His disciples in the mountains of Judæa; the God who hides Himself from the wise and prudent and reveals Himself to babes. All in turn approached the altar and knelt to receive the Blessed Sacrament, and at the close of Mass, whilst her Son still dwelt in their hearts, all joined in an act of consecration to the glorious Virgin at whose shrine they were assembled. Benediction was then given, and mounting for the last time the little pulpit, Father Ring, in the name of the English Pilgrims, thanked the Missionary Fathers of Lourdes for the kindly hospitality they had shown to them, and for the assistance they had rendered them; to which Père Hournoux replying thanked the English, in his turn, for the edification which, he was pleased to say, they had given to him and to his people.

Thus the prayers of the two nations went up together in harmony to Heaven. It is pleasant to think that at least in the minds of the people of Lourdes, the name of England will once more be associated with devotion to our Blessed Lady, and loving reverence for her.

The Culturkampf in Prussia.

I.

"ONE of the most striking proofs of the success with which Prussia has pursued her mission as the champion of culture in Central Europe, is now to be seen in matters ecclesiastical. Remarkable unity prevails among the members of different persuasions, who vie with each other in showing their love to their common Fatherland. The efforts of evangelical pastors, and more particularly of the highest dignitaries of the Catholic Church, to promote religious unity and concord in the present critical situation of affairs, have been rewarded with the most signal success. Nowhere have existing religious differences been allowed to interfere with the display of patriotic ardour; the Prussian people has, on the contrary, everywhere given proof of a most liberal spirit as far as the two great divisions of the religious world are concerned, the members of which have manifested the highest mutual appreciation and regard." Such were the utterances of the *Staatsanzeiger* as lately as June 13, 1866. They describe a harmony which in reference to religion could hardly be surpassed in a country where religious divisions are rife, and prove the Prussian Government to have been, up to that date, entirely satisfied with the attitude of Catholics and their Bishops towards their Protestant fellow-countrymen, both in general and in detail.

King William the First himself spoke in the same tone at his coronation in Königsberg on October 18, 1861. Addressing the Catholic Bishops of Prussia assembled on that occasion, he expressed himself as highly gratified by the consciousness that throughout the whole extent of his realm the position of the Catholic Church was in complete harmony with what was required by the existing Constitution, the legislature, and the traditions of the State.

Who could ever have believed or foreseen that the aspect of things would in a few short years undergo so complete a

change, that all the content which then prevailed in reference to ecclesiastical relations would be put an end to at the instigation and under the direction of that very Government which had formerly spoken so loudly in their praise? Yet so it has come to pass, even though Prussian Catholics have since that time given such signal proof of their patriotism, as well as to their loyal adherence to the reigning house. In 1870 the great Franco-German war broke out, and the waves of national enthusiasm ran high through the length and breadth of Prussia. One thought animated the breasts of Catholics and Protestants alike, namely, the desire that the struggle, which had now become inevitable, should issue in glorious results as far as their beloved country was concerned. After the lapse of so many years it is hardly possible adequately to represent all that Catholics and Protestants did and suffered to attain their common goal. Not only did thousands of Catholic soldiers sacrifice life and limb in the hospital and upon the battle-field, but many a Catholic family denied itself the very necessities of life in order to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded and cheer the warrior on to victory. Hundreds of religious men and women, moreover, implored permission to quit for a time their hospitals and convents, in order to devote themselves to the service of the sick and wounded amid the din of contending hosts; and the permission thus sought was readily granted by their Superiors, notwithstanding the difficulties attending it, more especially in the case of religious women. What did those do who remained at home? They restricted themselves to the narrowest possible quarters, and then opened wide the doors of their convents to receive the sick and wounded, and to bestow on them not only necessities but comforts and even luxuries, tending them meanwhile with a mother's care. Under these circumstances it followed as a matter of course that many religious of both sexes met with a premature death in the exercise of their work of mercy and charity.

Before, however, the thunder around Metz and in Paris could fairly be said to have died away, the Catholics found themselves the objects of malicious attacks on the part of the Protestant majority; and the conviction was forced upon them, that when the war now waging abroad was concluded, a religious warfare would begin at home. The only question was what position the Government would assume? None flattered themselves so far as to imagine that any sympathy would be shown with

Catholics, but even the most desponding could scarcely suppose that the contest would be carried on with drawn swords whose scabbards had been flung away, to borrow the expression of an intimate friend of Prince Bismark, Privy Councillor Wagener. Yet so it was; the banner of Prince Bismark bore this inscription: "Away with the Catholic Church." One source of life was to be cut off after another, and several lawyers were appointed to weave the nets and cords by means of which the Catholic Church was to be first captured, then bound, and finally deprived of her existence as a Church. The names of the most prominent amongst them are well known: they were Dr. Falk, the Minister of Public Worship, Drs. Hinschius and Friedberg.

Neither of the three attempted to conceal from their employer, Prince Bismark, that they intended to destroy the Catholic Church in Prussia, root and branch; but they were outdone in impudent boldness by the Attorney-General of Posen on the occasion of a lawsuit against a canon of the Cathedral Chapter in October, 1875. Amongst other things he said: "Whilst turning my back upon the past, I allow myself to glance at the future; and it needs no prophetic eye to enable me positively to assert that the day of Sedan has dawned for the Romish hierarchy in Prussia. What we are ourselves experiencing in the present, what is in store for us in the future, will, it is true, cause much disturbance to the nation at large, and much misery and perplexity to individuals; but there is not the shadow of a doubt that victory will ultimately be with the State. In thirty years at the most—a long space of time in a single human life, and a brief span in the existence of a nation—in thirty years will the Catholic parishes be without priests and the Catholic churches closed, since the young priests will not be appointed unless they conform to the laws, and the old priests will either have died, or else have been otherwise removed from the scenes amidst which they lived and laboured." Such was, therefore, the future sketched out for the Catholic Church by the Government of King William, immediately after the conquest of France, in the spring of 1871, when Prussia had attained the zenith of its power, which Catholics had aided it to reach, and such was the reward adjudged to them in return for their exertions! The Government resolved that upwards of eight millions of Catholics, constituting more than a third of the whole population of the country, should suffer loss for their hereditary faith, which they loved so ardently and clung to so firmly; nay, more, all that

man could do was to be done in order to wrench it altogether from their grasp.

It is apparent that there must have been some cause for this total change of feeling towards Catholics on the part of the Government. In order to explain what this cause really was, we must glance at the forces which were at this time masters of the situation in Prussian Germany. I only wish to make one preliminary remark, namely, that we must beware of imagining the frame of mind of English Protestants in regard to the truth to be in any way similar to that of their co-religionists in Germany. The German Protestant feels, as a rule, a much stronger aversion, not only to converts, but even to those who are Catholics by birth than does his brother-heretic in England. On March 6, 1872, the mighty Chancellor of the German Empire was pleased to assert that "the growth of Prussia had suggested the idea of greater unity among differing religious persuasions; and that many efforts had been made by Catholics to obtain weapons which might be employed against Prussia since the time after the Austrian war, when the idea of an Empire which should be altogether Protestant had distinctly risen upon the political horizon." Every one who knows anything of recent events in Prussia is aware that since 1866 repeated attacks have been made by Protestants upon the natural and legal rights of Catholics, but no attacks can be proved to have been made from the Catholic side. It was, however, all the more necessary that some proof of this nature should be forthcoming, because the existence of any aggressive action on the part of Catholics in Germany was rendered absolutely impossible by the whole historical development of the country. Meanwhile, in spite of all provocations on the Protestant side, Catholic sympathy was, from 1866 until 1871, more and more with Prussia.

Is it not true, then, that the appearance upon the horizon of an empire which should be exclusively Protestant estranged the Catholics from the House of Hohenzollern? If Prince Bismark was really actuated by the wish to inspire the Catholic subjects of the Prussian Crown with aversion and mistrust, in order to make use of this feeling later on as an accusation against them, it would have been difficult to hit upon anything better fitted to awaken such sentiments than the oft-repeated cry of a Protestant Empire. The Catholics maintained that the German Empire which had been set up at Versailles by the united sacrifices and efforts of all its children, was neither

exclusively Protestant nor altogether Catholic, but would prove itself to be what its name implied, a truly German Empire, representing the real interests of all, and insuring to all alike the conditions necessary for a peaceful and prosperous existence and development. Such was the ideal of the Catholics of Germany when, in the beginning of 1871, they, with loyal and heartfelt submission, recognized in King William of Prussia the Emperor whom both God and the course of events had destined to rule over them. There were not lacking those who prophesied that now that the House of Hohenzollern had attained the acme of its wishes, the mask would soon be laid aside, and the Protestant idea, which had hitherto been restrained within narrow limits, would be exalted into a dominant maxim of the State. But a wise Government would have given the lie to these prophets of evil by justice meted out equally to all, instead of proving their truth, and indeed exceeding them all, by its boundless intolerance and insatiable tyranny? The cause, then, of this complete revolution in Prussian politics in regard to its Catholic subjects can in no way be said to lie in their attitude towards the Government.

On another occasion Prince Bismark puts forward a different reason; that the promulgation of the dogma of Papal Infallibility on July 18, 1870, had changed the character of the Church as an institution and rendered it dangerous to the State. Until then, according to him, the Church had been merely episcopal, now it was Papal, and thus it had assumed a position of direct hostility to the Government, especially to the Prussian administration. Now, did Prince Bismark really believe that the Catholic Church would be injurious to the welfare of the country, an obstacle to its true and rightful progress, an impediment to its growth and development? It is not easy to say what may appear true or at least probable to a mind clouded by passion or prejudice; but the fact that Prince Bismark was from the first strongly imbued with animosity towards the Catholic Church will appear more clearly as we proceed. The real cause of the warfare waged against Catholicism is a somewhat different one: we must look for it deeper down. The promulgation by the Vatican Council of the Papal Infallibility only furnished a plausible pretext for adopting, with some show of justice, a course of conduct the real motives of which it was deemed advisable not to reveal.

In my opinion, the *Culturkampf* owes its origin to two

distinct causes; the first being a feeling of superiority developing into pride and arrogance in the mind of the Protestant majority towards the Catholic minority. That a certain antagonism to Catholicism had always existed among Protestants is not surprising, since it belongs to the very essence of their religion to be in a state of continual hostility to Catholic truth; and when the Prussian arms proved victorious, first over Austria, and then over France, the two great Catholic powers, and Prussia stood unrivalled amongst all the nations of Europe as the first military power, the Protestants of Germany beheld in these national victories the triumph of Protestantism over Catholicism; the most infatuated amongst them even considering the military successes of their country as a plain intervention of Providence on behalf of their religious opinions. Protestantism, they said, has made itself great and victorious, and thus Protestantism is the religion which must prevail and be dominant throughout the length and breadth of Germany. Away with Catholicism from our midst, for the sooner this parasitical growth is removed, the sooner shall we be able to assume, and the more surely shall we be able to retain, the foremost place among Continental nations. An University Professor, and a member of the Prussian Assembly, declared publicly at that time that the Catholic Church as a body had ceased to be the friends of progress; and another member of Parliament, a Protestant pastor, gave vent to his opinion in the following terms: "The decision as to what our Catholic children are to be taught in the Government schools is a matter which trenches on the infallible power of the See of Rome. Are we, the great German people, now that we have cast off the yoke laid upon us upwards of a century ago by French Papists, are we, I ask, to be in subservience to a foreign potentate, to the authority of Rome, in what concerns our intellectual culture, and be told what instruction the rising generation is to receive at our hands? No, gentlemen, we will put up with this no longer!"

Yet more arrogantly does Protestant pride assert itself in an article on the New Year, published in the opening number of the *Neue Evangelische Kirchenzeitung* for 1873. This journal may be considered as the mouthpiece of the Evangelical Consistory; the article in question is headed, "God speed!" (*Glück auf!*), and commences thus: "Is it allowable to take upon one's lips this ancient word to greet the dawn of a new year, a year which seems pregnant with nothing but fierce struggle and bitter strife? May we

venture, instead of pouring out lamentations over the internecine warfare of religious factions, to take good heart, and like the old Teutonic knights of fame, make our shields resound joyously, and spring forward hopefully to combat our spiritual foes? We are now passing through a crisis in religious matters than which none more perilous has occurred in our country since the days of the Reformation, and yet, fully conscious as we are of this, we can cry 'God speed' from the bottom of our heart. A popular tradition in the Catholic Church (?) foretells that the decisive battle between Protestantism and Catholicism will be fought out on the sands of Mark; if the day for the fulfilment of that prophecy is fast approaching, if, under circumstances most favourable to ourselves, we see the armies drawn up in battle array, let us not be amongst those who fall away to perdition but those who believe and are saved. *Continual hostility between Berlin and Rome can now no more be averted than the late Franco-German War could have been."*

Thus to Protestant pride, unwilling on the one hand to tolerate any other creed but its own on German soil, and mortified on the other hand to feel its own weakness and littleness as compared with Catholicism, we may assign the first place among the chief agents instrumental in bringing about the Culturkampf, and the bitter animosity which characterised it. Nothing is in fact more aggravating than a conviction and consciousness of one's own inferiority to the foe one hates and despises. This was only too true in regard to Protestants and the Liberals with whom they made common cause; they found all their wisdom futile for the perversion of Catholics, they found that Catholics were more than a match for them in polemics, and that year by year Catholicism strengthened its lines and enlarged its borders. Thence it came to pass that they called in the aid of the law and the police to bring victory to their side by the forcible suppression of their opponents.

Another thing which had weight with Prince Bismark and the Government was the Chancellor's firmly-rooted conviction that the opportune moment had arrived to reduce every power within the Empire into complete subjection to the supreme sway of King William and his Government. King William ruled the State, he governed the National Protestant Church as its chief Bishop, why then should the Catholic Church alone resist his rule? It must be confessed that there is something grand—though it be but a false and fictitious

grandeur—in the idea that throughout a wide-spread kingdom one will and one alone orders all, directs all, governs all. For a military people especially the idea is uncommonly attractive. Berlin was to be the centre where all secular and spiritual authority was to meet; from Berlin should be issued laws binding on every Prussian subject without exception, wherever his lot be cast. Merely to maintain public order and to promote and further the welfare and prosperity of its subjects, appeared an object far beneath the ambition of the Prussian Government, it aimed at nothing short of becoming all in all. This was called *making the unity of legislative power universally recognized*. But this was a little too much even for Protestants, who were not altogether oblivious of the fact that freedom and independence of action is essential to any religion. In March, 1872, the *Allgemeine Evangelische Kirchenzeitung* thus wrote: "As time goes on Prince Bismark lets us see more and more clearly how exclusive are his ideas of State supremacy. As in 1866 he was so engrossed with the interests of Prussia, that no other consideration had the least weight with him, so now the interests of the State are so all-absorbing that everything of a religious or ecclesiastical nature is unscrupulously sacrificed to them."

Such are, as far as I can see, the two principal causes to which the Culturkampf owes its origin. At the same time I am perfectly aware that the ardour with which many members of both Houses served under its banner sprang from very different motives. Some were animated only by religious hatred; others, perhaps, thought that if public attention was attracted to the Culturkampf, their own nefarious transactions, lucrative to themselves but injurious to the public at large, would escape observation, &c.

But what were the laws which were intended to be instrumental first in crippling the powers of the Church, and then gradually transforming her into a Protestant State Church? Before entering upon a list of extracts from the Statute Book which I must lay before the reader, I would have him remember that a decree of the Council on July 8, 1871, deprived Catholics of the only way yet open to them of getting a hearing for their side of the question from the Ministry of Public Worship. I refer to the suppression of the so-called Catholic section in the Cabinet. Thus Catholics were absolutely excluded from having a voice in the deliberation of those who were appointed to

frame the new laws—laws made expressly for them and their Church. What else indeed could they expect when they were considered one and all to be enemies of the State, traitors to Prussian interests and to the common Fatherland? Even at the present time, there is not one Catholic councillor in the Ministry of Public Worship, although ecclesiastical matters are constantly being brought before it.

The formal declaration of war with the Catholic Church was made in the German Reichstag by the Bavarian Minister Lutz—a creature of Prince Bismark—when he proposed to pass a bill which should place a restriction on the liberty of preachers. A vague clause was inserted, capable of the widest construction, in order that if any utterances whatsoever from the pulpit should in any way prove displeasing to the Government, they might meet with condign punishment. Having thus provided against the possibility of unfavourable criticism on the part of the clergy, it was thought the time had come to proceed to open hostilities. The first move was to pass a law placing all schools under Government control (March 13, 1872). By means of this the Church was deprived of all share in the work of education, the direction and supervision of all schools throughout the land being exclusively monopolized by the Prussian Government. This act of modern State tyranny on the part of the German legislature is without a parallel among civilized nations. The State—*i.e.*, the Prussian Government—now has all schools under its control, and the children are compelled to attend those schools. Through this system of State control and compulsory education, such opinions and sentiments only as appear right in the eyes of Prince Bismark and the Prussian legislature are instilled into the minds of the rising generation. Not content with requiring from the Prussian subject his money and his blood, the Iron Chancellor must needs have his soul also. Every one must see the vast importance of such a law as this in the warfare waged against the Church. Not even in Republican France, or Free-thinking Belgium in the present day is the educational code so hard and tyrannical. The law in question continues in full force, although since the last few years some slight mitigations in executing it have been allowed in favour of Catholics.

After having blighted the prospects of Catholicism in Germany, and, as it were, undermined her foundations by this State system of education, the Prussian Government proceeded

to direct their next onslaught against that body whose distinctive glory it is to be the object of the bitterest hatred to all the Church's foes, the Society of Jesus. Every German subject who is not under the ban of the law is free to come and go as he pleases, to settle where he wills, and to enjoy the rights of a citizen in any part of the German Empire. Now, whatever may be thought of the Jesuits, they cannot at least be said to belong to the class of those who are under the ban of the law, and therefore it was necessary that the proceedings to be taken against the Jesuits and other orders akin to them, which the Government had planned, and for which the Freemasons of Germany clamoured, should be sanctioned by Act of Parliament. The law contained two clauses.

1. The Religious of the Society of Jesus and all other religious orders shall be no longer tolerated within the German dominions, and therefore all their houses must be broken up and dispersed.

2. The individual members of such religious bodies shall henceforth be subject to the same restrictions as to their place of abode as have hitherto been binding upon persons who have been imprisoned, and are now subject to the surveillance of the police.

This Bill was passed on July 4, 1872, and became law throughout Germany, being carried out with an animosity and brutality hardly warranted by the wording of the law. It was afterwards applied not only to the Redemptorists, and other communities of men, but even to communities of women, such as the Nuns of the Sacred Heart. This law is still enforced with the utmost rigour, so that any Jesuit, or other religious of either sex to whom it applies, is liable, on setting foot upon German soil, to be stopped by any and every agent of the police, like a miscreant whose term of imprisonment has just expired.

But the intolerable injustice of this law is not what at present immediately concerns us. I only wish to quote, in proof of the spirit which at that time animated all who were connected with the Government, these following words of Dr. Falk: "It may be said that the measure is unjust, but no one says that it is opposed to the Constitution."

The Prussian legislature had thus succeeded in depriving the Catholic Church in Germany of hundreds of her most valued servants. For whatsoever may be said to the contrary, Jesuits Redemptorists, &c., have showed themselves the most peaceable

and harmless of men, ready to put up with a great deal. The fact that they submitted—under protest, it is true, and a most solemn and energetic protest—far from inducing the Imperial Government to consider its conduct and desist from further persecution, only incited it to take more stringent measures. Owing to the very peculiar temper of those who held the reins of power, their submission was regarded not as the proof it was intended to be, of readiness to stretch a point in order to be yielding and conciliatory, but as a sign of conscious weakness.

In the course of the same year, 1872, two ministerial decrees were issued, which manifested on the one hand the determination of the Government to paralyze the activity and destroy the life of all the remaining Orders, and on the other, gave unmistakable evidence as to the extreme to which the Prussian Government was prepared to push the exercise of its absolute authority over educational institutions. The first decree (June 15, 1872) summoned all Communes throughout Prussia to dissolve as soon as possible all contracts with religious associations whose members in any way filled the position of teachers; and the other (July 4, 1872) prohibited the pupils of the higher schools, under pain of expulsion, from joining any religious guild or confraternity. This decree is still in force, and has, if I mistake not, lately been extended to elementary schools, so as to prevent all children who are still obliged to attend school from belonging to any association intended to further piety and protect innocence. And just as a hostile army laying siege to some fortress, first cuts off its communications, then begins to undermine its walls, and daily moves nearer to its ramparts, so has the Prussian Government dealt with the Catholic Church in its dominions. The siege has already reached an advanced stage, but the worst is yet to come; the besiegers flatter themselves that they will reduce the fortress, but the besieged are confident in the determination to hold their own at any cost, and in the assurance that they will come off triumphant in the end. The future will decide whether they are right or not.

II.

The year 1848 has frequently been called a year of madness. In fact the extravagant theories and utopian schemes then proposed were enough to make one imagine that one had left the world of sober reality and entered upon an ideal age. But although so much in the struggles of that time must be

censured as immature and premature, there is no doubt that the great movement which was felt almost throughout Europe originated in a real, deeply-felt, and perfectly legitimate desire to resist the aggression of a bureaucratic despotism. In Germany, more especially, all parties—with some few individual exceptions—were unanimous in declaring that religious bodies must no longer be debarred from the free exercise of their religion by the shackling restrictions imposed upon them by the State. For this system of State-control, without being of any benefit to the body-politic, had the effect of hampering the internal development of religion, and of checking its external activity and usefulness. Even the members of the Prussian Cabinet frequently expressed themselves in forcible language on this point. The struggle for religious liberty in Prussia found definite expression and embodiment in an Act of Parliament which received the royal assent, January 31, 1850. By this the previous law was confirmed requiring all persons of the various religious denominations to be and to remain subject to the common laws of the realm, whilst complete independence and the freedom of self-government in all matters internal and external was conceded to religious bodies to which they belonged; they were moreover guaranteed against any interference of the State in the relations between the subjects and their superior, and *vice versa*; nor was the State to concern itself in any way with the appointment to ecclesiastical offices, unless a special and exceptional right warranted such interference.

This freedom was not to last. Despotism was once more in the ascendant. To leave the Churches, and above all the Catholic Church, against which the Culturkampf was directed, any longer in the enjoyment of so much freedom, was not compatible with modern ideas of government. First an attempt was made to curtail its privileges by explaining away the Articles of the Constitution on which they rested. As yet a certain scruple withheld the Government from so arbitrary an act as the actual abrogation, to the prejudice of so large a minority—some nine million of its subjects—of a law which had been hitherto universally considered, and most of all by the Liberal and anti-Catholic party, as the ægis which protected the liberties of the nation at large. An explanatory clause was annexed to the Article in question. This clause turned out to be simply a means of bringing ridicule on the Constitution and casting a

slur on the honour and honesty of the Legislature. This result had been anticipated. One of the most prominent members of the Party of the Centre, Dr. Reichensperger, had, in a speech of great ability, in which with cutting satire he had completely destroyed the sophistries of the Liberal side, shown that thus to explain away the decree was tantamount, in the eyes of any unprejudiced person, to annexing to the law which granted liberty to the Press a clause stating that though the liberty of the Press was accorded to the people, the right of censorship remained with the Government. After much the same fashion was independent action guaranteed to the Church by clause 15, but in such a way that the Government retained the power of altering at will both the external and internal status of the Church. For the State laws to which all the churches of Germany, or rather the Catholic Church, for no one denied that these measures were solely directed against it, were thenceforward to be subject, were not the general laws binding on all, but a series of special and exceptional regulations, devised with the object of oppressing and suppressing her. And although the first clause of the statute remained in force, prohibiting all State interference in ecclesiastical appointments, yet a further clause immediately following declared that this independence was only to exist for a time, until the State had made certain provisos relative to the training, the appointment, and the removal of the clergy.

Such is the wonderful decree which was promulgated by the law of April 5, 1873, and pronounced by an eminent legal authority, Dr. Gneist, one of the Professors of the Royal University of Berlin, to be "a matter of course to every right minded person." It cannot, however, have been found to work satisfactorily, since it was considered desirable, after an interval of only two years (June 18, 1875), briefly and without further peroration, to declare the 15th, 16th, and 18th Articles of the Code to be annulled. It was now for the first time that Prince Bismark found the road perfectly clear for such legislation as he had all along been aiming at. He had, in spite of the obstacles which as he imagined still lay in his path, already promulgated, with the help of the self-styled Liberal party, a code of so-called ecclesiastical laws, which in reference to everything which tyrannical despotism and intrusive interference can do against the Church, made Prussia stand alone in the whole civilized world.

Before proceeding further, however, I beg the reader to pause and realize for a moment what sort of system of ecclesiastical regulations it was then found necessary to enact.

The first May Laws, so called because first promulgated in the month of May, 1873, bear date May 11, 12, 13, and 14, respectively. The first and most important concerns the training of priests; the second defines, or rather abolishes, the disciplinary powers of the Church, in that it provides for a secular tribunal in which ecclesiastical cases are to be tried; the third attempts to mark out the limits of the laws in reference to the powers of the Church in the infliction of pains and penalties; and the fourth treats of separation from the Church. When Dr. Falk, the Minister of Public Worship, laid these laws for the first time upon the table of the Chamber of Deputies, he closed his introductory speech with the request that these proposals might be submitted to the House as speedily as possible, in order that a firm and durable foundation for a real and lasting peace might be prepared without delay. What kind of peace that was likely to prove, Deputy Mallinckrodt expressed with the grave dignity peculiar to him when he said that the firm and lasting peace spoken of by the Government meant the repose of death as far as the Catholic Church was concerned.

The Prussian authorities deemed that one of two things must inevitably happen: either the Catholic Church would accept these laws, and in that case the poison she must of necessity imbibe would assuredly effect her internal decay and dissolution; or if, as seemed more probable, she refused to accept them, her seminaries for the education and formation of the clergy would be suppressed, and her bishops deposed—a fate which would also overtake any priests who made themselves obnoxious to the law—and when any priest was removed by death, none of his colleagues would be permitted to perform any spiritual function in his place, &c. Such could not fail to be the march of events; so that in a few years the Catholic Church would find herself so circumstanced as to be compelled to give up much in order not to lose all. Let us now take a closer and more detailed view of the laws in question.

The law relating to the education and appointment of the clergy consists of five clauses, of which it is only necessary for us to notice the four first, as these alone remained in force for any length of time. The first clause is really twofold, since it provides (1) that an ecclesiastical appointment can only be

conferred on such Germans as are qualified for the same, and thoroughly approved by the Government; (2) in order to the lawful exercise of all spiritual functions connected with such an office, even if it be only undertaken for a short period, the aforegoing rules must be equally observed. As far as the first point is concerned, if we carefully consider the clauses quoted above, we shall see that the memorial drawn up by the Bishops of Prussia did not say at all too much when it asserted that there was reason to fear that these laws aimed at instilling, as far as possible, into the minds of candidates for the priesthood, ideas and modes of thought at variance with their vocation. But if the second clause declared the exercise of any priestly function, without the sanction of the Government, to be illegal, and therefore punishable by law, such a regulation, considering what Prussian harshness was, must lead to the most lamentable results, and indeed, in the present position of affairs, could not but bring about the most unjustifiable cruelties. These laws had been so framed that before long only one alternative would be left to the Catholic priest, either to allow hundreds of dying persons, who were hungering for the sacraments, to die without the consolations of religion, and thus become a traitor to his own conscience; or else to come into the danger of a collision with the police, and see himself ere long the inmate of a prison if he could not pay the fines exacted of him. And how many priests, from 1873 until the present day, have made acquaintance with the interior of a gaol, because they could not resolve to obey a cruel and tyrannical edict of the State, rather than the voice of their own conscience, the sacred call of duty, and the entreaties of thousands of their dying fellow-countrymen, who begged in piteous accents for the last consolations of religion, and the sacred food which was to be the strength of their departing spirit!

The sad death-bed scenes, which were of only too frequent occurrence, give significance to the words of the Iron Chancellor, uttered May 23, 1870, in a speech which the interruptions of his audience—shouts of clamorous applause on the one side and cries of astonishment and anger on the other—compelled him to leave unfinished. "We have," he said, "kept our eyes steadfastly fixed on our national goal; we have not looked to the right hand or to the left to see whether perchance we might be trampling on the dearest convictions of our fellow-men. Our singleness of aim has given us strength, courage, and power to

act as we have acted. And what justifies us in this unflinching sternness, in crushing, as with a heel of iron, whatever is an obstacle to the exaltation of the German nation in all its glory and its greatness. . ." At this point the speaker's voice was drowned in the babel of voices on the so-called Liberal side, but enough had been said to indicate what those might expect who had the misfortune to stand in the way of such an unsparing despot. And indeed, many of those who then joined in applauding him have themselves since been crushed beneath the Juggernaut car of his unscrupulous ambition.

But was it absolutely impossible for the Catholic Church to submit, and conform to the law's requirements as to what was to qualify priests to exercise their sacerdotal functions, without incurring legal penalties? When we investigate more closely into what the requirements of this new legislation really are, the reason of the Church's determined refusal to submit to it becomes apparent. For, according to this law, candidates for the Catholic priesthood must have been educated by University Professors, who are appointed by the Protestant Minister of Public Worship, independently of and unconnected with the Catholic Hierarchy.

Besides the future priest, instead of devoting his short period of study to the acquisition of a thorough knowledge of theology, is compelled to turn his attention to philosophy—the so-called "German philosophy," of course—to history, and to national literature, attending during three years the lectures of professors appointed by the State, that is to say, by the Minister of Public Worship. At the end of this three years' course his proficiency in each of the above-named subjects is tested by examiners nominated by the same authority. And when, upon a careful consideration of these laws, it was emphatically declared on the part of Catholics that the Catholic Church could not possibly accept them for her clergy, the then Minister of Public Worship, Dr. Falk, immediately mounted his high horse, saying, amongst other plausible absurdities: "Do you really think, gentlemen, that the obligation of attaining this high degree of cultivation disqualifies the priest for expounding the truths of religion with zeal and efficiency?" Assuredly Catholics did think so, and they think it still, and every sensible man must think with them. Was Dr. Falk perhaps really of opinion that a candidate for the priesthood could have no more suitable preparation for his future calling than a close acquaint-

ance with Goethe's immoralities, Lessing's atheism, and the vague principles of universal brotherhood which characterize the poems of Schiller and Herder? And then German philosophy to boot! No, that is rather too much; not even a Minister of Public Worship addressing Catholics can really imagine that his audience will be gulled by high-sounding phrases about superior cultivation—a cultivation, too, which is not only without practical utility for the future priest, but is calculated to lower his moral tone and destroy the simplicity of his faith! To submit to such legislation would indeed be suicidal policy on the part of the Church. But these regulations were destined to become law, and such they did become, and such they still are. Certainly in May, 1882, a Bill was passed which made some slight and unimportant alterations; but even in its amended form the law is contrary to the essential principles of Catholicism, and cannot be accepted by Catholics. It is therefore still a matter of impossibility for the Catholic Church in Prussia to train her clergy.

The third clause of this statute formulates the so-called *Anzeigepflicht*. The law requires much more than this name indicates, since it does not simply ordain that every ecclesiastic who is desirous of undertaking any clerical duties, whether those which naturally appertain to his office, or exceptional and provisional ones, should give formal notice of his intention to the Provincial Governor, but that he should not venture to enter upon them until the consent of the Governor thereto has been signified. This consent the Governor is at full liberty to withhold on various grounds, either personal to the ecclesiastic in question, or, to quote the words of the statute, "if anything is known in regard to the applicant which justifies the supposition that he may in any way oppose the laws of the Constitution, or resist any orders which may be issued by the secular authorities in accordance with the spirit of those laws, or otherwise disturb public peace." This clause effectually closes the door in the face of any clergyman who refuses to conform to the despotic system which now constitutes the ecclesiastical law in Prussia. What, then, is to become of a clergyman who thus refuses to conform? The principles of State policy will only admit as eligible to an ecclesiastical office such priests as, according to the principles of the Catholic Church, have rendered themselves unworthy to fill it. A man must indeed be pledged to the most servile and slavish submission in order

to make sure of never coming into collision with a Government constituted after the Prussian model. For is it not true that Prince Bismark demanded of Dr. Crementz, the Bishop of Ermland, a solemn promise of unconditional obedience to all State decrees whatsoever? Was it not again and again emphatically declared in the Prussian Parliament, that in a Christian State like that of Prussia none but a revolutionist would attempt to urge in defence of his disobedience to authority the Apostle's words: "We ought to obey God rather than men?" And because the Prussian Bishops saw fit to follow this apostolical exhortation, were they not denounced as rebels, not only by the Government itself, but by the party which calls itself Liberal, and reckons amongst its members men who in 1848 were prominent leaders of the Revolution?

It is evident that the acceptance of this statute, with all that it involved, as expressed in the May laws, was impossible for the Catholic Church. It still exists, however, and in much the same form, some slight alleviation only having been introduced, in that Catholic priests are not required to obtain the consent of the Governor previous to undertaking duties of a temporary and exceptional character, provided that they are in other respects qualified thereto in accordance with the rules of the May laws.

There only remains for me to say a few words about the heavy fines attached to an infraction of these laws, and specified in them. If within the space of twelve months after a cure falls vacant, the Bishop does not fill it up permanently and in accordance with the requirements of the May laws, the Governor is authorized to impose on him fines not exceeding the sum of 3000 marks (£150), until he complies. It will be readily understood that, considering the vast extent of the Prussian dioceses, these fines in a short time mount up to an immense sum, and, apart from all other fines, soon bring the Bishop to poverty and prison. Thus it was in the years 1874 and 1875. After all that the bishops possessed had been taken from them and sold, they were arrested by the police, like common criminals, and thrown into prison. But it is not our purpose to give a history of the *Culturkampf*, but rather to enable the reader to realize the legal position of the Catholic Church in Prussia. We must therefore refrain from giving any account of the many indignities heaped by the Imperial Government of Prussia on the most eminent dignitaries of the Catholic

Church—men who bore the highest character for integrity and prudence; as well as from speaking of the utter subversion of the ordinary ideas of morality and justice consequent upon filling the prisons with persons of this description. In addition to the above-named fines, many others were imposed by the statute, amounting severally to £150 in the case of bishops, and £15 in the case of ordinary priests.

And now enough has been said to give some idea of what the first May laws of 1873 really are. Doubtless their exponent, Dr. Hinschius, whose name we have already mentioned, and whose enmity to the Church is well-known, was right when he said in the commencement of his commentary on the ecclesiastical code: "These laws leave no doubt as to the fact, so pregnant for the future, that Prussia has taken up her position in the van of the fight, and is prepared to battle with her whole strength in order to carry her point against the Roman Curia and the principles of Ultramontanism." Doubtless his prophetic eye saw in the future the other May laws upon the consideration of which we have not yet entered. But that first law was quite enough to warrant Catholics in the conviction they then felt, that nothing short of the complete suppression of the Catholic minority in Prussia was determined upon.

A Personal Visit to distressed Ireland.

PART THE FOURTH.

LACKEN, or Rathlacken, on the coast of Sligo, not far from Killala, is a sort of typical village, presenting in not a few particulars and in a very marked degree the characteristic features of the villages scattered around the north-western and western coasts of Ireland. Once a flourishing community of some 1,400 families, it has now dwindled down to less than a third of its former population. Once the busy scene of successful fisheries and an agriculture as successful as its poor soil and exposed position would allow, now the sea and the soil seem alike to grudge their produce to the struggling villagers, who barely manage to subsist even in average seasons on their double labour as toilers on the deep and tillers of the soil. Here, as in so many Irish villages, the depressing effects of multiform calamity seem to have beaten the heart out of the scanty remnant of the former inhabitants. Far removed from any centre, and compelled to look to their own internal resources rather than to external means of development, they jogged on merrily enough in more populous and prosperous days. When the little fleet of boats came back heavily laden during the fishing season, the failure of the crops was not so crushing a calamity ; when the harvest was a good one, they were not ruined if the herring and the mackerel refused to approach their shores. If some boats caught nothing, the rest were ready to help ; if oats failed, the potatoes stood them in good stead ; if sometimes there was a general dearth of produce, yet at the neighbouring town it was well known that another year would enable them to make good the deficit.

But since the famine years there has been a gradual decline. Hundreds have been compelled to emigrate, a few died of sheer starvation, many more of the famine fever that was the result of insufficient nourishment during those long months. Now the dismantled cottages and desolate ruins

give to the little village a depressing effect, as one thinks of the smiling aspect now changed to gloom and sadness. But if the external aspect is a depressing one, a glance into the interiors of the cottages which are still inhabited is more depressing still. Almost everywhere cheerless, hopeless, irremediable destitution. Hunger stamped on the faces of women and children, strong men robbed of their energy and strength by sheer want. Here it was that a few days before my visit a poor man died simply from want of food. He had been ill some days, and at length the priest was summoned, and at first could not discover the cause of his mysterious ailment, till at last out came the melancholy truth. "The truth is, your Reverence, that I've not had a mouthful of food for days." The priest gave what he could, and the relieving officer was summoned; but a day or two passed before that functionary paid his visit to the starving family. When he came, he told them he could do nothing without a doctor's certificate, and so another day passed. When at last the relief came, it was too late, and the poor sufferer sank and died from no other cause than sheer starvation. I visited his cottage myself, and his poor wife looked as if it would not be long before she would travel the same road as her husband. A short time after my visit to the place a question was asked in Parliament as to the facts of the case, but of course there was the usual official answer that the relieving officer attended to the case as soon as his other duties allowed of his doing so, and that he was in no way responsible for the unfortunate incident, or something to the same effect.

When I was at Lacken the staple diet of the village was seaweed. Three different kinds of seaweed are gathered on the coast, called *slouk*, *dillisk*, and *crannagh* respectively, all of which are more or less edible. *Slouk* is, I believe, identical with what in England goes by the name of *laver*, and is reckoned a dainty when handed round with the *pièce de résistance* of a dinner-table. It tastes something like spinach, and has similar constituent elements. *Dillisk* is like a rather coarse kind of cabbage, is less nutritious, but still is fairly wholesome, though quite unfit to constitute a meal. *Crannagh* is simply unsuitable for human food. In several cottages the pot, swinging over the smouldering peat, contained either *dillisk* or *crannagh*. It was all that many a family of starving children had to look to for their mid-day meal. Here and there I found

a second article of diet. Every one knows the common limpet, which mischievous boys seek to surprise when slightly loosened from its grip upon the rock, but which if it has but a moment's warning clings so tight that it is only by crushing its hard shell that it can be moved. Probably none of my readers have ever thought of the common limpet as edible. For the first time in my life I found human beings feeding upon limpets. They were cut or torn out of their shells and thrust into the red-hot embers for a moment, and then eaten after the fashion of the cockles and periwinkles of London street stalls. I made an attempt to swallow one or two of the more delicate specimens, but all in vain. Imagine a piece of leather roasted in the fire, or of that impenetrable substance which sometimes clings by way of contrast to the delicate sweetbread, and you will have some idea of the nature of the limpet. I cannot fancy the most powerful digestion able to assimilate them, and even those who were compelled to resort to limpets only chose the lesser of two evils—food unfit for man, rather than no food at all.

In Lacken I think the poverty was more universal than even at Loughglin. The poor villagers had lost all heart, and the good priest who took us round must have had a weary and saddening time of it. What was the cause of the misery? The proximate and immediate cause was the failure of crops and fisheries, but the ultimate cause was to be sought in the history of Ireland, in the method in which she has been governed, in the crushing effect of ruined commerce, and fisheries destroyed in the interest of strangers, in the occupants thrust in to possess her soil, and in the policy of government by force.

But Lacken suggests another point often forgotten in considering the question of Irish destitution. I have sometimes heard it said that after all there is poverty in England quite as bad as the poverty in the west of Ireland; that in the poor quarters of London may be found, if only we know where to look for it, the same sad sight of children crying in vain for bread, of means of support utterly failing, of starvation diet endured, and often endured uncomplainingly, for days and weeks. I have been reminded, moreover, that in the manufacturing districts a sudden depression of trade has the same results, and that even at the present moment there are towns in Yorkshire where there is misery quite as hopeless as Western Ireland has lately witnessed. "Why then," I am asked, "do you want to enlist our sympathies in behalf of distressed Ireland,

when distressed England cries out for help, and has a greater claim on us?"

This question deserves an answer, and I hope the indulgent reader will forgive a short digression that I may reply to it. I allow that there is in England plenty of want and misery. Here and there it may be starvation, or an approach to starvation: children ill-fed, women deprived of the necessaries of life, men unable to support those dependent on them. But there are several essential points of difference which destroy all parallel between the two cases. In England, so far as my own experience goes, anything like chronic or oft-recurring destitution may invariably be traced to vice or recklessness. In the towns of England there is, in ordinary times and under normal circumstances, bread enough and to spare, work enough and to spare, for all. If wife and children are left to starve, it is because the greater part of the wages have been spent by the drunken husband at the public house, or because there has been such reckless extravagance in times of prosperity that a time of adversity (and such times must occasionally come) finds them utterly unprovided for. In Ireland the case is completely different, except in some of the large towns. In Dublin I have been told by one who knew the city well that there would be little or no poverty but for the drink, and in one or two other of the large provincial towns the same may be the case. If I had been comparing town with town I might have found similar poverty in the two countries traceable to similar causes. In Ireland and in England alike the misery of the towns might be avoided. In Irish and English towns alike a little investigation would, I have no doubt, have shown that it was the folly or vice of father or mother which was for the most part responsible for the poverty and destitution of themselves and their children.

I refer here to chronic and oft-recurring want, not to the occasional times of dearth produced by extraordinary circumstances. In every country some unexpected cause may involve the poor in sudden want. For instance, the distress in Lancashire in 1861—2 was the effect of the American War. It lasted a comparatively short time, and was recognized by the country as exceptional and as calling for exceptional relief. When once the fact was known that thousands of operatives were starving, contributions flowed in most abundantly, and the temporary and inevitable hardship endured by the poor operatives were soon

over. It is the same from time to time, and must always be the same, wherever a large number of hands are employed in an industry liable to be interfered with by war, or by the popular taste, or by the activity of some competing rival in trade.

In addition to this, there will always be found in every country and under all circumstances cases of individual misfortune which are very pitiable. In the most prosperous times and in the wealthiest cities, a death from starvation may occur here and there, in spite of a thousand charitable persons ready to help the sufferer if only they had heard of his case. He is proud, and does not like to expose his utter destitution to strangers, or he has lost all heart, or it may be that sickness has deprived him of the power of asking for help at all, and he is left to die alone, with none to console him or minister to his wants.

We must therefore exclude the self-caused misery of dwellers in large towns, and the occasional and exceptional misery resulting from some public calamity, as well as the individual instances occurring here and there. The misery which I am describing in Ireland, and with which alone I am concerned, is the misery of dwellers in the country, persons honest, sober, respectable, industrious. It is the misery on the verge of which they always live in spite of all their efforts, and into which they are plunged whenever the yield of earth or sea falls below the average. It is the misery which results from their surrounding circumstances, not from themselves. It is the misery not of an individual here and there, but of a large portion of the community. It is the misery which results from injustice, either in the past or in the present, from a system of government by repression, from the neglect or cruelty of those who have forgotten that, in every position of trust or authority, the good ruler rules for the interest of the ruled, and with a keen sense of the duty he owes them, of the mercy, gentleness, compassion, not to mention the justice he is bound to exercise towards them.

The comparison, therefore, lies between English villages and hamlets and Irish villages and hamlets. If the former are contented, happy, prosperous, how is it that the latter are in certain districts of Ireland discontented, miserable, destitute, not once and again, not here and there, not in consequence of their own ill-doing, but as the result of crushing disadvantages and conditions of existence which are found to be practically impossible? If here and there we heard of cases of apparent

oppression and cruelty, we might reasonably say that the individual sufferer might be in fault, and that the severity exercised was probably only just. But when not an individual here and there, but the great bulk of the population of a district are in destitution or distress, when there are famishing by the roadside not one or two evildoers among the tenants, but scores of men, women, and children driven forth by the angry fiat of the landlord, when loud in their protest against the wrongs inflicted upon the people are not demagogue or socialist seeking to stir up strife, but the messengers of peace, the friends of order, the obedient subjects of lawful authority, priests and nuns and monks and bishops, when the visitor who has no interest on either side, almost always returns home full of indignant sympathy for the people's wrongs and the people's sufferings—then indeed it is time to probe the wound and seek for a permanent remedy of so wide-spread a malady.

But is not the cause too deeply rooted to afford any hope of a remedy? Is there any chance of prosperous days for Ireland? of peace and prosperity where gloom and sullen discontent now prevail, breaking out here and there in crimes of violence and the curse of secret societies? What are we to look for in the future? Will there ever be harmony or love between Celt and Saxon? I must not bring these articles to a close without some attempt to solve the perplexing problem.

Professor Baldwin, in his evidence before the Richmond Commission, says unhesitatingly, that never was the ill-feeling towards England stronger in Ireland than at present. In America it is far stronger still among the Irish and their descendents. It has entered on a new phase of late. It is no longer the hopeless feeling of a slave who perforce submits. It is no longer the reluctant dependance on one whom we respect for his omnipotence over us. There is a great alteration in the tone in which Irish newspapers and Irish patriots write of England. Education has done much to bring about this change. The very concessions made to Ireland have done still more. But the enormous growth of the Celtic race in America and other countries is perhaps the largest contributing element. A new Ireland has sprung up beyond the Atlantic. The little island which lies in ominous proximity to England's shores is no longer the chief dwelling-place of the Irish race. Their hearts ever remain there, it is true, but they themselves carry their country and their faith with them into other lands, and Erin breathes

freely amid the free institutions of the New World. Each emigrant ship which carries away the peasants swept from the estates, where they had lived for centuries, to make room for cattle or the more remunerative grazing-lands, adds to the strength of New Ireland. Every act of oppression or cruelty at home has not only strengthened her hands but has added to her ever-increasing and ever-multiplying army of recruits. While the whole population of the States has increased 190 per cent. within the last forty years, the Catholic population, who are for the most part Irish, have increased to the astonishing rate of 810 per cent.¹ Since 1880 I am told that the increase has been more rapid still. The close, compact organization existing among them adds not a little to their numerical strength, and every year they are a more important element in the political world. Men like Goldwin Smith, who have watched the increase of their power while resident in America, cannot close their eyes to what they consider the serious danger of the Irish being ere long the dominant race there, and in consequence of this, of the Catholic Church being the dominant religion. Wiser in his generation than those who, ostrich-like, think to get rid of their enemies by putting them at a distance of ten days' journey out of sight in Central America and Canada, he protests loudly against sending any more Irish to the States, and clearly looks forward to the coming struggle between Celt and Saxon, between the Catholic faith and the Protestant denial of faith. He proposes to send the hated Irish to the more distant and wilder climes of South America, in the fond hope that like the Spaniards of old they will be absorbed and disappear there. He recognizes what less intelligent Englishmen fail to see, that there is arising in the

¹ I believe these statistics represent very imperfectly the rapidity of the growth of the Irish population in America. As there is no religious census, the only means of estimating the comparative increase in the different forms of belief is by the number of sittings at their respective places of worship. Now as in the Catholic churches there are four or five Masses, all of them for the most part crowded, the number of worshippers would be at these churches four or five times as many as is a Protestant church of the same size where there is only one service. This estimate would, however, be modified by the fact that attendance at the services of their religion is not regarded as of obligation by average Protestants. Another disconcerting element is the large German Catholic population existing side by side with the Irish. They certainly have not increased at the same rate, and have not at all the same political prominence at the present time. Their emigration is a healthy and natural emigration. They carry with them a deep-rooted love of their dear fatherland, but their tendency is in the course of two or three generations to lose sight of home interests and home politics, and here they afford a striking contrast to the American Irish.

West a cloud, and no longer a little cloud, brooding mischief to English dominion and Protestant ascendancy.

Encouraged by this consciousness of a growing power in the States ready to support them, and emboldened, moreover, by their own successes, the Irish have of late met the English face to face in a way never attempted before. They are beginning to awake to a consciousness of power. They are looking out for signs of weakness in their foe. They are furbishing their armour and preparing for the fray, and engaging in preliminary skirmishes. It is this dawning sense of strength, this glimpse of success drawing nigh in the struggle which they regarded as a hopeless one, that has made them fasten with the quick intelligent instinct of those who have an object to gain and intend to gain it, upon their present leader, and as friends and foes alike must confess, their most successful leader in the House of Commons. When there is a great need felt, when a great movement is developing itself, there always arises, by some curious law of nature, an individual who becomes great because he is leader and representative of the predominant idea. Men are great who represent in an intense degree the spirit of their age. The cause they advance, whether good or bad, has begotten them. While they seem to have given to it consistency and form, they are really its offspring. Cromwell was the offspring of proud, obstinate, self-deceiving fanaticism; St. Francis of Assisi was the offspring of the Catholic spirit of poverty, rising in protest against the luxurious worldliness of his day. Luther and St. Ignatius were the respective offspring of the opposing currents of independence and a love of submission which fought for mastery in the sixteenth century. Napoleon was the offspring of the eager thirst for glory, the unquiet, restless spirit of conquest which was consuming the hearts of the French of his day.

We do not pretend that in the first rank of these leaders of men is to be found he who has become Ireland's chosen champion and idol. In one most important respect he fails to represent her. He is an alien to her faith, and has committed some political errors on account of his inability to sympathize with the Catholic hatred of revolution and disobedience to the just claims of authority. But he represents, as no other living men do, the prevailing temper of Ireland. He is the spokesman of young Ireland, quick with growing hope and I fear I must add growing defiance. He alone, since the days of O'Connell, has

ventured to come forward and boldly throw down the gauntlet in the face of English dominion. He alone has dared to brow-beat the English Ministry in the great English Parliament. He alone has gathered his party around him and simply bid defiance to the files of English statesmen who glared hatred at him across the floor of the House of Commons. Educated in England and intimately acquainted with English feeling, an English gentleman in that which gives weight and influence in an English assembly, always cool, always calm, always courteous, he fights Englishmen with their own weapons and hides a fiery temper and an indomitable will under an imper-turbable exterior. I am not in this estimate of the cause of Mr. Parnell's wonderful success expressing merely my own opinion. I am but repeating what I have gathered from Irishmen who have watched events from a position of vantage. They have told me, and I do not fail to recognize it as true, that in the present temper of Irishmen, the delicious sight of their leader encountering with repeated success those whom they had hitherto regarded as beyond the reach of their weapons was simply irresistible. It filled them with an intoxicating joy, which, if I may be forgiven for mixing my metaphors, completely carried them off their feet.

It is my object to put before the readers of *THE MONTH*, as far as I can, the Irish view of Irish affairs in order that Englishmen may see that what seems to them so inexplicable is a very simple matter indeed, and that the admiration felt all over Ireland for Mr. Parnell and the large sums of money contributed to his testimonial are but the necessary resultant of existing circumstances. Is it not human nature to idolize the successful champion of our wrongs, and to testify our admiration by some solid and tangible mark of our devotion?

Just as we may fancy, those who are groaning under a sense of wrong and oppression, watch from a distance the struggle between a little patient band of warriors and the squadrons of the power whom they hate, so the whole Irish nation watches the struggle between the Irish members in Parliament and the English legislature. For centuries the foreign foe has trampled on them at her will, even now she seems to have them completely in her power. For long the struggle appears a hopeless one, when all at once a champion rushes forward with his knot of devoted followers, and the tide of battle turns. What joy in the hearts of those who have long

looked for deliverance! See, he braves the foe! he wounds their leaders! he forces them to give way first here, then there! undaunted he charges their solid phalanx. Beaten back again and again, he never falters, and relays of his little band compel their enemy to watch all the night long, and weary them out by every possible method of warfare. Can we wonder that men, women, and children are ready to worship this their champion? that they leap for joy as the tidings reaches them of his doughty feats of arms, that they exaggerate his virtues and overlook his defects, that their grateful hearts cannot rest satisfied till they have borne witness to their gratitude by some solid mark of their devotion?

I have been told a hundred times, and perplexed Catholics have asked in print why Ireland needs help for her distressed poor while she can lavish thousands on an individual who wants them not. At first it seems strange and unreasonable, but it is really the most natural thing in the world. The relief to the starving peasantry of Donegal and Mayo is a matter not of justice but of charity to him whose home is in Wexford or in Dublin. Even as a matter of charity he gives reluctantly, if he gives at all. His prevailing idea (whether correct or incorrect matters not) is that the starvation is the consequence of cruel laws and bad landlords, and that it is the ruling power and the dominant class who are responsible for the disease, and who therefore should provide the remedy. On the other hand, he has long watched with overflowing gratitude a man who has devoted himself to the cause of Ireland, who has identified himself with the cause dear to him above life itself, who has sacrificed ease and comfort to fight the battle of which he, the farmer of Wexford and Tipperary, is already beginning to reap the fruits. If Wolseley (so argues the Irish farmer) was to have a peerage because he drove the poor Egyptians scampering before his disciplined troops, and Seymour because the shot and shell played havoc with the forts and town of Alexandria, surely something was due to one who had led a forlorn hope to victory, not during one brief campaign of a few days, but in battles repeated every day and amid all sorts of labour, obloquy, and disappointment. It is a matter of justice in his eyes that Mr. Parnell should be rewarded. Even apart from any except a commercial view of the case, it was but fair that he should receive some little portion of the spoils won from the English possessors of the

soils. He had been the advocate of the nation, and it is right just that the advocate should have his fees, and that the zeal and power of his advocacy should have a substantial and solid reward. Just as the owner of an ancient manor who has been engaged in a long suit with one whom he regards as an intruder and a tyrant who has thrust him out of what is his own, considers himself as bound to bestow a handsome reward on the pleader whose energy and eloquence has won back for him some little portion of his ancient rights, and postpones to the payment of his advocate the claims of poor relations and hungry dependents who are clamouring at the gate for bread, so the people of Ireland considered themselves bound to subscribe a handsome acknowledgment of the services of their Parliamentary advocate, even though the poor cottiers of western Ireland may be starving.

Add to this that he has a claim, passing in Irish eyes the claims of justice. He has been kind to Ireland! He has identified himself with her wrongs! He has made her sorrows his own! He has bid defiance to the opposing ranks at Westminster, and battled night and day, and all for Erin's sake! The one idea of his life for the last half dozen years has been Justice to Ireland! And what is more, for Erin he has suffered. The ironbound doors of Kilmainham Gaol have closed on him for Erin's sake! He has been counted as a criminal for Erin's sake! He has forfeited his personal freedom, his personal comforts, his personal activity, for Erin's sake! When men wonder how Ireland in her poverty can furnish so generous an acknowledgment of all that he has done for her, they forget how the warm Celtic heart goes forth with enthusiastic gratitude to all who show kindness to their country. They forget, too, the almost reckless liberality of the Irish nature. The art of giving is practised in Ireland in a manner quite startling to the calculating mind of the Englishman. No one can travel in Ireland without being struck by it. It pervades every class, from the highest to the lowest. It shows itself in their unbounded hospitality. How many a family has been beggared by the too generous entertainment offered to some noble visitor? by the inability to refuse to the stranger the gift they could ill afford? They are equally ready to give or to receive. I was intensely amused by the proposal made to me, half in fun, by a curate in Mayo, who was taking me round some of the poorest parts of his district, that I should tell the cottiers that I was an English Priest coming round on the quest for my own poor

parish at home. "It will prevent them from thinking, as they very possibly may, that you are sent round by the Government to distribute relief, and I have no doubt some of them would find a trifle to give you, poor as they are." I did not make trial of their generosity, but I am certain that if I had they would have found something for me, at least a drop of "potheen" to console me on my apostolic mission.

But I now approach a more delicate question—the Circular of the Pope respecting the course to be pursued by the Irish Bishops with regard to the Parnell testimonial. Of course at first it caused considerable surprise, knowing as all do how the Holy Father sympathizes with the cause of Ireland, and has at heart Ireland's best interests. It is only gradually that the true significance of this important document has dawned upon us. In the first place, I discard all questions as to its origin—it matters not whether English agents misrepresented the existing state of affairs or not, whether false or true information was promulgated at Rome. What we have to look to is the action of the Holy Father, guided, as he ever is, by the Holy Spirit of God, in every document issued by his authority—not, indeed, with an infallible direction, but with more light from Heaven than can be expected by any other prince or prelate in the world. The Holy Father's Circular appears to me to sound a most opportune note of warning. A great national movement is taking place, and a movement, too, which necessarily involves perils of all sorts, because of its being an upheaving of the ruled against the ruling class, an attempt to throw off existing authority, and therefore requiring a most careful guidance lest, in seeking to set right the balance, the law of God be forgotten. The chief leader of this movement, as disowning the only legitimate spiritual authority in the world, cannot be expected to know where the lawful ends and the unlawful begins—where the Catholic Church imposes her veto on the action of her children. His very devotion to Ireland, his indignation at her wrongs aggravates the danger. In his eagerness for the cause, he has enlisted in his service men whose love of freedom consists primarily in a desire to be freed from the law of God, and whose cry for political liberty is but the accidental accompaniment of their desire for the false liberty of a wicked life. The unseen enemies of Ireland would rejoice, above all, to see her just claims become unjust in the sight of God by the adoption of unlawful means, of secret societies, of violence and outrage, and

by making common cause with the godless revolutionists, and communists of other countries. Already one of Ireland's false friends introduced his leader to a French Republican whose name is offensive to every good Catholic; already the faithful clergy of Ireland have had to tell their flocks that they must draw the line "sharp and fast" when they were advised to an act that was unjust in itself, and therefore under no circumstances allowable; already one and another of those who professed to be followers of the Irish leader had taken part with men whose hands were imbrued with innocent blood. Not that the leader had himself sanctioned any of their evil deeds, but it was time that he should be warned and the Irish people should be warned against the impending danger. The Holy Father, in his love for Ireland, knew that the country which he looks to as the bright spot amid European godlessness was running the risk of having its fortunes wrecked by the insidious introduction of a spirit opposed to that spirit of loyal subjection to authority which is the only safeguard of the faith. He knew that, side by side, there coexist two principles which it is not always easy to distinguish, but which are at the same time utterly and entirely opposed to one another—the principle of justice, which animates the oppressed in their outcry against their oppressors, and the principle of revolt and revolution, which seeks to destroy all authority whatever, human and Divine. He knew that in any agitation, however legitimate, the enemy of souls has his word to say. He knew that the circumstances of Ireland were such as to expose her especially to this danger, and he feared, as all lovers of Ireland must fear, that the brightness of her faith and loyal obedience might be dimmed by her eager determination no longer to live a life of political and national servitude. This, I imagine, was the reason why the Holy Father sounded the note of warning. He did not speak to the mass of the faithful, but knowing as he did the devotion of the whole nation to their bishops and priests, he indirectly conveyed his meaning by instructing the Chief Pastors of Ireland not to contribute to the public testimonial in favour of him who has been the leader in the present agitation. He does not blame their action in the past. He does not forbid the priests to join in the national mark of gratitude. He carefully guards himself against any condemnation of the personal action of Mr. Parnell himself, and restricts his censure to certain of his followers who have joined hands with godless revolutionists, who have degraded the

cause of Ireland by introducing in her struggle for liberty principles opposed to true liberty, who have made common cause with crime and murder and outrage and injustice, and all that would bring down upon Ireland a curse instead of a blessing.

I have wandered a little from the question which I proposed to myself in the early part of this article—Whether there is a proximate hope of peace and prosperity for Ireland? I return to it with some reluctance, because I fear I must answer it in the negative. Ultimately I am convinced that Ireland will enjoy the reward of her long sufferings and of her unbroken loyalty to Truth. God rewards nations as such in this world, and it seems to me almost a certainty that the time will come when Erin will wear the crown to which she is entitled by her heroic devotion to the cause of God. Nor does it need any dragging in of the supernatural to foresee this. Apart from any but purely natural causes, she must in the end prevail. The Celtic race cannot fail to outrun the Anglo-Saxon ere many centuries have run their course. They will do so by the very force of numbers. The average of grown children in an Irish family is five, that in an English about three. Allowing thirty years for a generation, it follows that in a hundred years the descendants of an Irish family will be three times more numerous than those who spring of English parentage. I am not concerned with the causes of this difference: chiefly, I imagine, it is owing to race, food, and climate. But one difference there is which tends more and more to tell in favour of the Irish, and that is their superior morality. The vice so common, so almost universal in England and in Protestant America, not only tends to degenerate the Anglo-Saxon race, but actually to reduce its numbers. The dislike to large families which is prevalent at present in the upper class in England, necessarily diminishes the population. Other forms of evil, if they do not materially affect the numbers, at least undermine alike the physical and moral strength of the nation. All yielding to passion weakens the will and renders it less submissive to reason, and therefore less able to exercise the self-control necessary to success in life. Modern luxury, and the life of big cities must needs enfeeble modern England. Add to this that in point of quick intelligence the Celt is decidedly the superior of the Saxon, and though this intelligence has been long kept in check by the restrictions on education in Ireland, and

especially by the curse of Protestant ascendancy, yet it is now under recent measures rapidly developing itself. In other moral qualities he is at least fairly his match. Ireland has therefore this security for her success in the not very distant future, that the Irish race throughout the world are rapidly gaining on the English. In America their superior power of organization is confessed even by their greatest enemies, and the Irish vote is becoming every day more important in American politics. Even in England they are awaking to the conviction that in at least a score of Parliamentary boroughs the Irish vote might determine the Election.

It is indeed a curious phenomenon of the modern world that the despised Irishman, who has been long regarded by Englishmen as born to be a hewer of wood and drawer of water, should now threaten to outrun ere long his masters. In England we console ourselves with the reflection that English supremacy will at least outlive our own day, and that our posterity must look out for themselves. But even within the lifetime of many of my readers the position and prospects of Ireland will be not a little changed, if we may judge of the future from the past and present. "Dynamite scares" are important, not in themselves, but as the presage of dangers to come. They are the puffs of wind which the experienced sailor knows to be the forerunners of the storm. They are the expression of an inextinguishable hate which is but waiting and watching for its opportunity. English Ministers point to the present calm which prevails in Ireland as an argument in favour of their policy of repression, but it is the calm which forebodes the hurricane. It is the cessation of fevered restlessness which betokens, not the restoration to health, but the outbreak of a fiercer malady. Agitation in Ireland has probably only just begun. The words of the Irish Members do but faintly echo the feelings of the nation when, emboldened by success, they openly declare that "the sooner it recognized the better that a state of war exists between England and Ireland," and that "the people would break out into open insurrection if the people had the power." Take, for instance, Mr. Healy's speech in the House of Commons on the famous "Sunday sitting" of the 18th of August. He is a fair representative of Young Ireland and as such necessarily carries weight. Englishmen would do well to remember that his words were no mere vapouring of angry declamation when he spoke as follows:

This was a quarrel for life or death. This was the struggle of the Irish people fought out in this House as their fathers fought it out under different circumstances; and it was supposed that they could impart into the proceedings of that House all the refinements and mildness of language which might be expected in a discussion on the details of the London Water Bill. They were fighting for men's lives, for their liberties, their homes, and their families, and were they to be shaken by no emotions? The English did not understand the position in Ireland. It was as much war between the two countries as ever (Irish cheers). They were the exponents of the state of feeling which exists in Ireland. You could not expect from them in this House to do anything but give expression to the feelings which inspire hatred and contempt for the Government of the great mass of the people in Ireland. . . . The sooner the fact was recognized the better (Irish cheers). The sooner it was recognized the better that a state of war existed between England and Ireland (Irish cheers). It was not physical, because the people could not give their feelings physical effect, but it would be physical if the people of Ireland could carry out that war (Irish cheers). If not, then, why keep thousands of armed soldiers and police garrisoning the country? (hear, hear). He merely stated the state of feeling in Ireland was such that the people would break out in open insurrection if the people had the power, and why was it surprising that the representatives which these people sent there, in so far as language was concerned, should break out in insurrection when they find the manner in which the wrongs and grievances of their country were being dealt with? (Irish cheers).

But if we would know the true character of Irish feeling towards England, we must look across the Atlantic and listen to the words of Irishmen when free to speak of England as they please. English readers would stand aghast if they were to peruse the columns of some of the most widely-spread papers of the States. It is not the wild declamation of a few revolutionaries or demagogues, it is the expression of the calm, deliberate opinion of the great mass of Irish and Irish-born citizens of America. It is not to be found only in godless newspapers, but in many of those which are distinctly religious. Side by side we find a sermon by Cardinal Manning or Father Burke, and tirades of abuse against England, breathing a bitterness of hate which I could not have believed had I not read them with my own eyes. I need not tell my readers that I read them with the utmost pain and sorrow, and with pain and sorrow I record the fact of their utter alienation from England and all things English.² I wish I could regard it, as

² I take up by chance recent numbers of two newspapers which vie with each other for the largest circulation of any weekly newspaper in the States. Among the

some Englishmen do, as merely the noisy, filibustering language of a few professional agitators, of O'Donovan Rossa and the Dynamite party. I wish I could regard it as mere empty words which will be lost in air, and will never lead to corresponding acts. I wish I could believe that it sobers down as time goes on, and the children and children's children of the emigrant grow up to manhood. I wish I could think that the tone of hostility is mitigating, and that recent emigrants leave Erin's shores with a kindlier feeling than of old. But it is not so. Benevolent organizations may have sent them forth. They may have enjoyed the advantages of a Government emigration grant. They may have exchanged misery and destitution at home for comfort and prosperity elsewhere. They may have risen to a position where their interests would in the ordinary course of things be with the governing class rather than with the governed. But all this changes them not. So far from being grateful to the country which sent them forth, they regard their emigration as a forced exile imposed upon them directly or indirectly by English tyranny. If in their own breasts the feeling of hatred to the English Government burns fiercely, they transmit it with increased rather than diminished violence to their descendants. Every fresh emigrant adds to it, and by adding to it adds to the danger which threatens England in the not very distant future. When the Irish Bishops protest against emigration as the chief means to be relied upon for the relief of Irish destitution, they are pleading a cause, to which, if for no other reason, England should listen from mere

leading articles of one of the two I find an article on England's policy of depopulation, in which the following passage occurs: "England in former times acted like a bold, open-handed robber, while to-day she plays the ignoble part of poltroon and sneak-thief, making believe to be piously extending the blessings of civilization the world over, while at the same time she stealthily puts her hands into the pockets of the poorest among her people, and, finding nothing there, she plausibly sends them outcasts on the world, in order to fill her coffers with the profits to be derived from the land of which she treacherously deprived them." The second discusses the declaration of the Irish Bishops on Emigration, and ends the article respecting it as follows: "England has no excuse, in the face of this dignified protest, for continuing the senseless and barbarous policy of expelling a people from their homes. The world holds her to account for the atrocious action. The folly and crime of it may not be realized by her until she shall have been confronted, more sternly than she has ever yet been confronted, by the wronged exiles and sons of exiles in every quarter of the New World. Not even to hasten that day of retribution would we wish England success in her suicidal policy. The expulsion of a nation is too heavy a price to pay even for a people's vengeance. Not vengeance but justice is what Ireland seeks. No nation has suffered so much or forgiven so freely. The day of suffering must end, or that of forgiving shall never come again."

motives of self-interest. What policy more fatal to the Empire as an Empire than to foster with the money of the Empire a hot-bed of fierce hostility to England's dominion and England's sway, to increase at the country's expense the number of her irreconcilable enemies, and to place them where they can attack her unrestrained, now indeed with the weapons of tongue and pen, but with these only as the prelude to more effective weapons which they intend to employ against her as soon as some important war leaves her less able to repel their attack, or some other circumstance strengthening their own hands or weakening those of their foe gives them a chance of success in their long-nursed projects of vengeance.

But any such design can only succeed, as far as Ireland herself is concerned, as long as the country is disturbed and unquiet, dissatisfied with her present condition and the method of her government, convinced that she is oppressed and down-trodden, with little to lose and much to gain from the violent disruption of the social order which results from civil strife. It is Ireland governed by force, Ireland subjected to a policy of coercion, Ireland crushed down by Protestant ascendancy, Ireland in the hands of absentee landlords, Ireland turned into a large grazing farm, Ireland denuded of the small farmers and those who have an interest in the soil, who will court the opportunity of joining with those who make it their mission to deliver her from her oppressor. If that political union between the two countries, which the intelligent Nationalist knows as well as the strongest enemy of Home Rule to be necessary for the welfare of both countries, is to be retained, England must seek to make Ireland contented and happy. She must make it to be clearly to the interests of the majority of the inhabitants of Ireland that the state of strife between the two countries should come to an end. She must consult the people of Ireland and their chosen leaders, clerical and lay, not the miserable minority of Protestants, the class now dominant. She must cease to govern the country from a distance by means of those who are aliens in sentiment, in sympathy, in race, in religion, from those they govern.

In spite of the greatest goodwill, it is quite impossible for any one connected with the English Government to win over or satisfy, under present circumstances, the Irish people. We cannot expect it for years to come, even if it comes at all. England has a long roll of misdeeds in the past to undo,

perhaps to expiate. It is only little by little that the change can be wrought. She must continue for long years a generous policy of prudent concessions. She must, at whatever sacrifice to herself, give to the people of Ireland the possession of their own land, so that it may be to the interest of the great mass of the nation that peace and tranquillity should prevail. She must, as far as is possible without injustice to the owners of the soil, provide at her own expense and by a wise outlay of Imperial funds, a home for Irishmen in their own land, and not beyond the Atlantic. In Ireland itself there is good land enough and to spare to furnish a sufficient inheritance for more than double the present population. I am no politician, and it is not for me to enter into matters of detail, but this at least I may say, that I find those who know Ireland best, the most intelligent and best informed of her politicians, the pastors who have her truest interests at heart, the skilled and scientific agriculturists who have spent their life in a practical study of the question, all declare it to be perfectly feasible to hand over gradually and by degrees, without violence and without wrong to those who are at present in possession, such a portion of the soil of Ireland to the true children of the soil as would establish a happy and contented peasantry. Other changes would of course be necessary; but I believe that all others would follow naturally on this, and that the infallible result of such a measure as this would be that amount of self-government which is indispensable to the prosperity of any country.

It is no sudden change, no violent measure that I advocate, it is the quiet, peaceful development and extension of what has already been inaugurated by the English Government during the present Session. The liberation of Ireland from her present miseries may in the end be brought about by means of emigration, but it will be a process of violence and force, which cannot fail to carry with it a thousand evils and a long scene of civil strife. If she is to be freed peaceably and happily from her career of suffering, it can only be by England's willing concession to her of the freedom she herself enjoys, by generous effort to wipe out the cruel injustice of the past, and to restore to poor oppressed Erin, as far as is possible, the lands that were confiscated and handed over to strangers, the religion that was persecuted to the death for centuries, the liberty which has been stamped under foot by those who took possession of her soil. Not only for Ireland's sake, but for the sake of England too, I

heartily pray that the desire to do justice to Ireland, which I am sure is daily growing stronger among intelligent and educated Englishmen, may, before it is too late, become the sentiment of the whole nation. It is to promote this object that these pages have been written. They will not have been written in vain if they induce at least some of the readers of the MONTH to take henceforward a more kindly view of Irish interests and Irish wrongs.

R. F. C.

The Homes of the Poor.

WE rejoice in the reputation of being a charitable nation. Our sympathy is awakened by distress in Iceland, in India, in Italy; we are roused to generosity by an earthquake, an accident, or a famine; and no pretext seems to offer too trivial an excuse for opening a subscription list or for holding a charity fête. A spectator would be surprised to observe that, in spite of all this, at our very doors and all around us there exists such distress that all the famines and accidents that have afforded objects for Mansion House funds or charity bazaars are insignificant in comparison, and yet that no one starts a subscription list, or buys or sells, or eats a dinner or dances a waltz, or does anything else that charitable people do, to relieve such glaring misery.

A state of things which would justify even a Lord Mayor's attention were it found in Bagdad, or would lead to armed intervention in Montenegro, being in London, meets with not a moment's consideration. Were only the Chinese so benevolently disposed to us as we to them, surely a society would be formed at Peking for improving the homes of the London Poor. We shudder when we think of the cholera-breeding slums of Cairo, but what of the disease and death that are germinated in the alleys of St. Luke's?

We are told that these sensational tales of the homes of the London poor are overdrawn, exaggerated; but it is not so. Far otherwise. We know, and those who have tried to do anything for the poor know, that the picture cannot be overdrawn, that it would be impossible to print in any decent paper a true and exact account of what the results are of the present method of bestowing our poor. At the present moment the question is not absolutely dormant. Lord Salisbury has hinted at its political treatment; some Liberals would touch it if they knew how; and, in effect, there is just such a flutter in the air as may awaken hope of something being done, a hope

however probably doomed to disappointment. The mere mention of such a trivial matter as distress round the corner of the next street, by great political people at all events, means that matters are come to a crisis and that the evils of the present system may make themselves better known by methods more rough than agreeable. At any rate, it is well to know what the truth is, and what means may be taken to ameliorate the present condition of the poor.

It is really astonishing how little we know of our poorer neighbours, their feelings, ways of life, and wants. The Hottentots or the Aztecs are not such unknown beings. Beside the priests and clergy, how many are there who know anything of them? A few, a mere handful, who are doing practical work among them. Certainly many of those who pose as their champions, or claim to speak for them, misjudge their wishes. The poor are very reticent about themselves even to those whom they esteem their friends. Interested motives and fear of intrusion or interference, close their mouths. It is with difficulty and pertinacity alone that we can learn anything about them. Those of us who belong to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul know this; many of us, I fear, give up in despair the attempt to become confidential friends of the poor, and relapse into mere relieving visitors. But at least we cannot fail to learn much of their troubles and to deduce some of the causes. As Brothers of the Society we see much that we cannot attempt to alleviate,¹ because our Society does not meddle with matters of high social or political economy.

Nothing strikes the most casual of visitors to the poor more strongly than the hopelessness of any attempt to really better their condition without making their homes more habitable. Drink, no doubt, is a fearful curse to them: but is drink alone responsible? Is it not rather that the utter wretchedness of their dwellings drives them to have recourse to drink for consolation. Picture to yourselves the poor man's return from a hard day's labour to his home. A single room, the greater portion occupied by beds, or, at all events, sleeping accommodation; the available space crowded with children, the room itself barely large enough to turn round in, not high enough to stand up in, floor deceptive and full of pitfalls, the whole close to the last degree. Here he and his family live and feed

¹ On this see the *Dublin Review* for April, 1883, art. "The Society of St. Vincent de Paul."

and sleep—and die. To occupy more than a single room is most exceptional for the class we are speaking of. No ventilation is attempted, or is possible. The windows probably do not open, or will not shut. In the latter case, and as they get broken, they are stuffed with rags, for the people are terribly afraid of air, and as they cannot have a fire sufficient to warm the room, they like it stuffy. The dust and refuse litters the floor until it is thrown out of window. Add to this the cooking arrangements, which are primitive and increase the odour of the place. To this room, then, the man returns. Probably too, though not always, his wife is not of the tidiest, perhaps not of the best of tempers. If indeed she is tidy, how can such a room be made to look cheery? He eats his meal in what order he can, and then turns out. He could scarcely stay the evening in the room without being asphyxiated, and, unless he be dead tired and throw himself upon his bed to rest, what sort of rational recreation is possible there?

If there be a tolerably cheerful coffee-house near, so much the better; but he might probably have to walk half a mile to find one, and pass twenty splendid gin-palaces on the way, with good company in them, too. Increase your coffee-palaces by all means, make them attractive as may be; or go further, close your public-houses one and all. Will you make the poor man a happy man? will you make him even sober? But give him a decent home: and if anything can help him to be sober, to be honest, that must.

But we have been giving the best side of the picture only. What if the room, bad as it is at best, be even worse, and let in the rain and the wind? Go to the landlord, you say. That means one of two things, either a notice to quit, or the landlord, benevolent fellow, will paste a sheet of brown paper over the hole, and raise the rent. What if the wife finds home dull too, and takes to drink? What if the costermonger's donkey lives in the same room, or the wife keeps fowls or a pig? or a lodger is taken into the family? And these things are no rarity. And what when disease and death (ever hovering in the neighbourhood) enter the room?

People are astonished when we talk of these things. "So much has been done of late; look at the model lodgings and the Peabody Buildings all about; you are speaking of things of the past." Not at all; quite the reverse. Model lodgings have helped the artisans who can pay for them, who can afford 6s.

and 9s. a week for two or three decent rooms; but the poor cannot live in them. On the contrary, acres of the homes of the poor are cleared away for a new street or a new warehouse or a model lodging, and not a single family of the former inhabitants finds a home on the site. They cannot afford the rents of the new houses, so they seek a home in the already overcrowded alleys of the neighbourhood. Take an instance, the facts of which are absolutely known to us. A large area near Covent Garden was cleared, the homes of the costermongers, large model buildings were erected with certainly not high rents, but just too high for the old inhabitants, and, in addition, *no accommodation was made for costermongers' carts on the premises!* These men could not leave the neighbourhood, they must be near the market, so they have thronged the neighbouring courts, already crowded with their fellows. How they get in, where they get in, Heaven knows; but get in somewhere they must and do.

Take another instance. A great space was cleared in the City; a resort of cobblers: a model dwelling was erected, *with a rule that no cobblers should live there.* One fatal result is that decent poor are bound to find homes in thieves' and criminal quarters, to mix with the worst; to wink at and become hardened to crime of every kind (they cannot afford to be better than their neighbours or quarrel with them), and to bring up their children along with, and inevitably associated with, the brood of vice.

As for their going to the suburbs, they cannot leave their work, or they cannot afford the railway fare: these are the two most usual and insuperable objections.

Add to this, that we are not talking of an alley here or a court there, but of the dwellings of hundreds of thousands in London; and we have a problem worthy of even a statesman's consideration. Otherwise we suppose in time the poor must weary of their lot (how patient and longsuffering they are!), and have recourse to some means, forcible means alone (they know no other), of making their grievances known.

Have we said enough? We fear lest we should understate the case, and not say sufficient to arouse our readers' sympathy. Yet we dare not say too much for fear of shocking and alienating them. Go for yourselves, we would say, see whether all, and more than all, that we could say could exhaust the horrors of the subject. We could cover pages with tales of sights and

scenes to illustrate our assertions. We remember visiting a widow woman who with her five or six children lived in a decent room—decent, that is to say, as decency goes in those parts—large, and tolerably clean and airy. For this room the widow gave 4s. 6d. a week rent, more than she paid for a whole house in her native village. She was kneeling on the floor with a mop and bucket. "Cleaning your room?" we asked. "Oh, no," she replied, "it's only the rain been coming through the roof." And then she showed me a large hole where it had been pouring through. "Why do you not complain to the landlord?" "Complain! I have told him over and over again, and his only reply was, 'You can go, there are plenty of others who would take it?'" And she went on to explain that she, being a tailoress, must be near the shop, and that, did she give up her room, she would probably not find a better.

A fire occurred in one of these dens recently, and as some one got burnt there was an inquest. A question arose as to who was occupying the cellar at the time, whereupon it was stated that such and such a man was there. "How do you know that?" inquired counsel. "Because there was a hole in our floor and we could see all that was going on in the cellar," was the reply.

I heard a story recently from a priest which illustrates another difficulty. An old miser had a pet dustheap in the corner of her room, where she piled up the dust and refuse, and as this was the least likely thing in the room to be touched, she hid her hoard there. Years rolled by and nobody troubled themselves about the dustheap until it became, I suppose, more than ordinarily offensive; so much so that some sanitary inspector actually sniffed it out. What was the old lady's surprise when she returned home one evening to find her cherished dustheap gone, and with it no less than £100. What an age the dustheap must have been there!

But perhaps the greatest misfortune of all is that which I have already mentioned as a consequence of the overcrowding of the poor: their mixing with criminals. Many places which were exclusively criminal quarters have, in consequence of the overcrowding, been penetrated by respectable poor. Here they are bound to bear and see much that is offensive to them. They cannot do otherwise than wink at it, become accustomed to it—and, in time, participate in it. Their children are in still more dangerous circumstances, and in a few generations there

is a possibility that the poor will be forced to be criminal also. Take an instance: In a certain street we know, of very evil repute, live many Irish families. Amongst them, but not of them, live many disreputable gambling men. These men gamble in the open street or in the houses, and they gradually induce the Irishmen, and still more readily their children, to bet or toss with them. Frequently a man will lose there on Sunday morning his whole week's earnings.

But enough, we will forbear for fear of wearying our readers with these illustrations, and proceed with the pleasanter portion of our subject: the consideration, that is, of the possibility of remedying the evils we have been speaking of. What has been done so far to remedy the present state of things? Not a very great deal; for, as we have pointed out, the Artisan's Dwellings and Peabody's Buildings have not helped the poor; nay, rather have put them in greater straits. But a small band of men and women, headed by Miss Octavia Hill, have under her guidance made no contemptible efforts in the right direction. And from their advice and personal assistance we hope to gain much advantage in anything we do in this difficult matter, and with their experience to guide us we will now give a brief account of our programme.

The possibility of Catholics undertaking anything in the way of improving the dwellings of the poor was suggested in the first instance, we believe, at a meeting of the Society of St. Vincent of Paul, reiterated in a letter in the *Catholic Union Gazette*, and discussed at meetings of some few gentlemen who were interested in the subject at the *Union* offices. At the first of these meetings the practicability of starting a company to undertake the work was discussed, but this suggestion was decided to be impossible, (1) because the money would not be subscribed, and (2) because the company either would not pay, or, if it did pay, it could be made to pay only by abandoning that part of the work in which the promoters were specially interested, and by working on the lines of the Artisans' Dwellings Companies. These companies do not, as we have said, benefit the poor; and though very good things in their way, and affording a tolerable investment, they were not what we wanted to organize.

Accordingly at the second meeting the company scheme was abandoned, and it was decided to form a society which would carry on the work on lines essentially charitable and not

commercial. When we say not commercial, we do not imply that the society should let its tenants live rent free, but that the first idea of the society should be to benefit the tenants, not to insure a dividend.

The notice which was drawn up and sent out of the proposed Catholic Society for the Improvement of the Dwellings of the Poor, sets out pretty clearly the lines on which we desire to work. "It proposes to acquire leasehold, and, if possible, freehold interests in houses in the districts where the Catholic poor suffer most; and, after acquiring such interests, to improve them in any manner which may be feasible and advisable." The society also proposes "to collect the rents personally, and in every practicable manner to become the landlords of these poor people."

"It is thought that a very small outlay will enable the society to commence operations by confining their attention to one or two houses of this nature." . . .

Such was the scheme, modest enough, it will be admitted, which was propounded at a meeting held at Archbishop's House, Westminster, on the 17th of July last. A considerable number of persons, including the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster and the Bishops of Southwark and Emmaus, the Earl of Denbigh, Lords Mowbray and Stourton, Arundell of Wardour, and Braye, and many others, signified their approval of and promised their support to the society, and a committee was appointed, which will lay before a meeting of the society in November a report of what it considers should be attempted in the first instance. What that report will be can be gathered from the notice already issued. It will, no doubt, advise a small beginning; that two or three houses at the most should be leased in the first instance; that the rents should be collected by ladies or gentlemen in the same manner as that adopted by Miss Octavia [Hill]; and that these rent collectors should be personally responsible to the society for the proper collection of the rents, and at the same time should take an interest in the tenants, and have a discretionary power of laying out a proportion of the surplus rents in improving the tenements.

The locality where operations should be begun will be determined by the prospect of obtaining efficient rent collectors, as it is desirable that they should be resident within easy access of the houses from which they collect. It is probable that some of the management committee will put themselves under the

guidance of Miss Octavia Hill, in order to obtain a knowledge of the method of collection which she carries on so efficiently.

The leases will probably be taken in the names of trustees, but in order to indemnify them it is proposed to raise a guarantee fund, which may be called up in case of any loss on the rents. Those interested in the work will be asked to put their names down for £10 or £20, the amount not to be paid up, but to be drawn upon only in case of a loss.

It may perhaps savour of bathos, after describing the misery of the homes of the poor, to propose so small a measure of relief, but in these days, when an extra powdered footman is of far more importance than Lazarus' troubles, modesty in charitable projects is one of the requisites for success. That the Society will be content with so small an undertaking we cannot believe, but this being partly in the nature of an experiment, prudence suggests that it will be better to make the first step a short one. After a short probation, it may well be that the Catholic Society will launch out into bolder schemes, and attempt something adequate to the evils to be dealt with. But before any such consummation is arrived at, it will be necessary that Catholics should understand the importance of supporting its efforts. If any duty is more especially laid upon us as Catholics and Christians, it is to help the poor; if any practical and real assistance is to be given to the poor, it is that aimed at by the Catholic Society. The conclusion is apparent; let one and all, in proportion to his ability, whether it be by money or by personal assistance—which is in this, as in all charitable works, of far greater value than money—do their utmost to make this important work a genuine success.

HENRY D. HARROD.

Some Habits and Faculties of Birds.

It has been said that when man was created he was endowed with some share in all the various characteristics of the previously-existing living creatures. It may not therefore be deemed out of place if we attempt to trace out a few of those habits of birds which appear to simulate or foreshadow the reasoning faculties of mankind. We will begin with one of those human tendencies which is especially characteristic of the English race—his migratory habits. From the earliest ages hard necessity has been a great cause of emigration ; but a more exact parallel may be found to the ways of our feathered friends (or rather our feathered ancestors, if Mr. Darwin's theories are to be accepted) in the migration of the upper ten thousand to their sylvan haunts at the close of the London season.

Migration is one of the most remarkable phenomena presented by them. Their instinct prompts many birds to change the place of their abode in accordance with the season of the year. In some cases these migrations are of comparatively small extent, the birds moving only from one part of a country to another, or from pond or lake to a running stream not far away, for the sake of a supply of food ; but many species, commonly known as birds of passage, perform long journeys twice a year, visiting temperate, or even cold climates, during the summer, and quitting these at the approach of winter for regions where they can enjoy a more genial temperature. The winter quarters of our summer visitants appear to be chiefly the coasts of the Mediterranean and the northern parts of Africa. In their long journeys they are compelled to pass over a considerable expanse of sea. Before venturing upon their voyage, they generally collect in vast flocks upon promontories which project towards the place of their destination. On their arrival on the opposite shore many species are so exhausted by their exertion that they may be taken by the hand. The swallows, which, according to Michelet, travel at the rate of

two hundred and fifty miles an hour, often alight upon the boats of the Channel fishermen, especially in hazy weather, so fatigued that they can scarcely fly from one end of the vessel to the other when an attempt is made to capture them.

After the swallows have reared their second brood, which is about the middle of September, they devote themselves to the training of their young for the long flight. They assemble in multitudes from all quarters in one general convention, on the roof of some building, or on some large tree. While the assembly are seated together, one, who seems commander-in-chief, keeps aloft on the wing, flying round and round; at last, darting upwards with great swiftness, with a loud, sharp, and repeated call, he seems as if he gave the word of command; instantly the whole flock are on the wing, rising upwards in the most beautiful spiral track, till they attain heights beyond the reach of human vision. They remain in the upper regions of the atmosphere from a quarter to half an hour, when they all return by scores to the place whence they took their flight. This manœuvre they will repeat twice or thrice in the evening when the weather is fair; and after ten or twelve days of such practising they take their final departure for the season.

The passenger-pigeons of North America are the most remarkable of the birds of passage. They migrate in immense flocks from one part of the United States to another. Auderton, in his interesting account of these birds, says that he noticed them passing one place almost continuously for three successive days! To give some idea of their numbers, he makes the following calculation. He supposes a column of one mile in breadth to pass over a given spot for three hours, at the rate of one mile per minute. This gives a parallelogram of one hundred and eighty square miles, by allowing two pigeons to the square yard, the column would contain upwards of one billion one hundred and fifteen millions of pigeons, and as every pigeon consumes daily at least half a pint of food, the daily consumption of such a flock would be no less than eight millions seven hundred and twelve thousand bushels! These pigeons in their flight are said completely to fill the air, actually eclipsing the light of the sun. The speed with which they travel is proved by the fact that pigeons have been killed in the neighbourhood of New York with their crops still filled with rice, which could not have been obtained by them nearer than the fields of Carolina and Georgia, a distance of between three and four hundred

miles, and as it is known that these birds will entirely digest their food in twelve hours, they must have passed over the intervening space in about six hours, or at the rate of about a mile in a minute. Their arrival at their resting-place is eagerly watched for by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, who destroy them in numbers. Anderton thus describes one of these nocturnal battues :

The sun was lost to our view, yet not a pigeon had arrived ; when suddenly there burst forth a general cry of " Here they come ! " The noise which they made, though yet distant, reminded me of a hard gale at sea passing through the rigging of a close-reefed vessel. As the birds arrived and passed over me, I felt quite a current of air. Thousands were soon knocked down by the men provided with poles, the current of birds, however, kept still increasing. Fires were lighted, and a most wonderful and terrifying sight presented itself. The pigeons coming on by thousands, alighted everywhere, one above another, until solid masses of them, resembling hanging swarms of bees, as large as hogsheads, were formed on every tree in all directions. Here and there the perches gave way under the weight with a crash, and falling to the ground, destroyed hundreds of birds beneath, forcing down the dense groups with which every stick was loaded. It was such a scene of uproar and confusion that it was useless to speak, or even to shout, to the persons nearest me. The reports of the nearest guns were scarcely heard. No person dared venture within the line of devastation. The picking up of the dead and wounded was left for the next morning's employment. Still the pigeons were constantly coming, and it was past midnight before I perceived a decrease in the number of arrivals. The uproar, however, continued the whole night, and as I was anxious to know to what distance the sound reached, I sent off a man to ascertain. He informed me that he heard it distinctly when three miles from the spot. Towards daybreak the pigeons again moved off, and various nocturnal beasts of prey came sneaking away from the ground where they had found a most plentiful meal. The human devastators then go in to collect their share of the plunder, and when they have selected all that they care for, the hogs are let loose to feed upon the remainder.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.—In studying the habits of birds one cannot but be struck with the fact that in proportion to their many dangers, experiences, and pleasures, they become warm-hearted, quick-witted, bold or timid, ferocious or cunning, passionate as the falcon, or deliberate as the rook, according to the life they have to lead. And more than this, we find that they display in many ways a remarkably high degree of intelligence. The *water-hen*, for instance—which is found from Siberia to the Cape—has a kind of human facility, as

Mr. Ruskin observes, in adapting itself to climate, as well as almost human domesticity of temper, with curious fineness of sagacity and sympathies in taste. A family of them, much petted by a lady, were constantly adding materials to their nest, and made real havoc in the flower-garden, for though straw and leaves are their chief ingredients, they seem to have an eye for beauty, and the old hen has been seen surrounded with a brilliant wreath of scarlet anemonies! This æsthetic water-hen, with her mate, lived at Cheadle, in Staffordshire, in the rectory moat, for several seasons, always, however, leaving it in the spring. "Being constantly fed, the pair became quite tame, built their nest in a thorn bush, covered with ivy, which had fallen into the water, and when the young were a few days old, the parents brought them up close to the drawing-room window, where they were regularly fed with wheat, and as the lady of the house paid them the greatest attention, they learned to look upon her as their natural protectress and friend, so much so, that one bird in particular, which was much persecuted by the rest, would, when attacked, fly to her for refuge; and whenever she called, the whole flock, as tame as barn-door fowls, quitted the water and assembled round to the number of seventeen. They also made other friends in the dogs belonging to the family, approaching them without fear, though hurrying off with great alarm on the appearance of a strange dog." Frank Buckland gives several curious instances of the special habits of some birds in procuring their food. The *blackbirds*, *thrushes*, &c., carry snails considerable distances for the purpose of breaking their shells against some rock or stone. Thomas Edward, the Scottish naturalist, describes *gulls* and *ravens* flying to a great height with crab or other shell-fish, and letting them fall on stones in order to smash the shells, and if they do not break on the first attempt, he says, they pick them up again and carry them up yet higher, repeating the operation again and again till the shell is broken. *Ravens* also often resort to this contrivance. When the *lapwing* is searching for food, it pounces upon a worm-cast, and stamping the ground beside it with its feet, waits till the worm, alarmed at the shaking of the ground, issues from its hole in the hope of making its escape, whereupon it is immediately seized and eaten by the cunning bird. Darwin tells of a bird having been repeatedly seen to hop on a poppy-stem, and shake the head with his bill till many seeds were scattered, when it sprang

to the ground and eat up the seeds. Some birds are gifted with a sense of observation approaching to something very like reasoning faculties, as the following anecdote proves.

At a gentleman's house in Staffordshire the pheasants are fed out of one of those boxes, the lid of which rises with the pressure of the pheasant standing on the rail in front of the box. A water-hen observing this, went and stood upon the rail as soon as the pheasant had quitted it, but the weight of the bird being insufficient to raise the lid of the box so as to enable it to get at the corn, the water-hen kept jumping on the rail to give additional impetus to its weight; this partially succeeded, but not to the satisfaction of the sagacious bird, which therefore went off, and soon returning with a bird of its own species, the united weight of the two, had the desired effect, and the successful pair enjoyed the benefit of their ingenuity. This singular instance of penetration can be vouched for, says Mr. Ruskin, on the authority of the owner of the place where it occurred, who witnessed the fact.

Piracy reaches its highest development among birds. Gulls congregate in numbers wherever they perceive that the *guillemots* have secured a shoal of fish. Flying over the surface of the water, the gull waits patiently till a guillemot comes to the surface with a fish, when he snatches it out of the beak of its unfortunate owner. The *robber tern* subsists entirely by plundering other terns, and no sooner does a robber tern appear among the others than the greatest consternation prevails among the flock, who fly about screaming in frantic alarm. The *frigate pelican* is a terrible pirate and commonly attacks the *booby*, which has received this name because it allows itself to be easily caught. Not only does the frigate pelican force the booby to drop the fish it has just caught, but actually to disgorge those which are in its stomach, which is accomplished by stabbing the unhappy booby with its powerful beak till it yields up its last meal. The *ant-eating woodpeckers* of California have the habit of storing up food for the inclement season. Small round holes are dug in the bark of the pine and oak, into each of which an acorn is inserted so tightly that it is very difficult to take it out again. The bark of these trees when filled in this way appear at a little distance to be studded with nails.

Most curious instances have been observed of the care and forethought of birds for their young. Jesse, the naturalist, tells

of having seen both a *Cape gun* and a *wild duck* remove their eggs from their nests when attacked by rats. *Partridges* are also known to do this; and the *caprunulus europæus*, whenever its nest is disturbed, removes its eggs to another place, both the male and female carrying the eggs in their beaks. Fowls also have often been seen conveying their chickens to places of safety. For instance, a fowl having found very good feeding-ground on the further side of a stream at some distance, was in the habit of flying across with her chickens on her back, taking one each time. In this way she transported all her brood every morning, bringing them back to their nest each evening.

It is a fact that some birds recognize their own images in mirrors. Mrs. Frankland gives the following account of the discernment of her bull-finch.

He is in the habit of coming out of his cage in my room each morning. There is in this room a mirror with a marble slab before it, and also a cleverly executed water-colour drawing of a hen bull-finch, life size. The first thing that my bull-finch does on leaving his cage is to fly to the picture (perching on a vase just below it) and pipe his tune in the most insinuating manner, accompanied with much bowing to the portrait of the bull-finch. After having duly paid his addresses to it, he generally spends some time on the marble slab in the front of the mirror, but without showing the slightest emotion at the sight of his own reflection or courting it with a song.

Canaries, however, suppose their own images to be other canaries, and often fly against the mirror till they are half-stunned. Cuvier, Darwin, Bennet and other naturalists have proved that birds have the faculty of dreaming; and that they possess certain powers of imagination is evident from the fact of their pining for absent mates and friends. The rapidity with which birds learn not to fly against telegraph wires shows a good deal of observation and intelligence. F. Buckland says: "That birds learn from experience is quite certain; for when the telegraph wires were first put up between Berrydale and Hemsdale, the grouse were continually flying against the wires and killing themselves, and in one season the driver of the mail cart picked up no less than forty brace of grouse that had been killed. Of late years not a grouse has been found killed by the telegraph wires. They seem to have passed on to their posterity the warning that telegraph wires are dangerous." M. Menault, in his *Wonders of Instinct*, gives a remarkable instance of intelligence in an eagle, which had been caught on a trap at Fon-

tainebleau, and its claw terribly torn. An operation was performed at the Zoological Gardens, Paris, which the noble bird bore with wonderful patience; and though his head was left loose, he made no attempt to interfere with the agonizing extraction of the splinters, or to disturb the arrangements of the annoying bandages. He seemed, on the contrary, really to understand the nature of the services rendered, and to recognize that they were for his good. A writer in the *Gardener's Chronicle* says:

About thirty years ago the small market-town in which I live was skirted by an open common, upon which a number of geese were kept. Our corn-market was then held in front of the principal inn, and on market days a good deal of corn was always scattered about from the sample bags of the millers. Somehow the geese found this out, and appear to have held a consultation on the subject. And early on the morning after the market every fortnight, in they flocked, cackling and gobbling in merriest mood, never coming on the wrong day. It happened one year that a day of national humiliation was kept on the market day, and so the market was postponed and the town was as still as on Sundays, but the geese, knowing their day, came as usual, and were baffled. How the habit of coming year after year was acquired, and how the old birds, who must have led the way, marked the time so as to come regularly once a fortnight, I cannot conceive.

A gardener was much struck one day by the strange conduct of a robin which he had often fed. It fluttered about him, now coming close, then hurrying away, always in the same direction, till the gardener followed his retreating movements. The robin stopped near a flower-pot, fluttering over it in great agitation. He found a nest in the pot containing several young birds, and close by was a snake, intent, no doubt, on making a good meal of the brood. The robin's joy and satisfaction was intense when he saw the enemy slain. Buckland tells a droll story of the artfulness of some poultry.

In former days it was often difficult at John-o'-Groat's for visitors to get anything to eat, there being no butchers or bakers within many miles. When visitors arrived it was the custom of the proprietor of the little inn to catch a chicken or two, and pluck and roast them at once for the visitor's dinner. Whether the chickens had noticed how some of their companions were sure to disappear on these occasions, is not exactly known. But in course of time they became very artful, as, keeping a sharp look out, whenever they saw a carriage come along the road (they could see a long way down the straight road from the inn),

off they bolted, as the French would say, *à toutes jambes*, into the heather, and did not reappear till the visitors had eaten their bacon without the chicken, and taken their departure.

A remarkable instance of the display of intelligence in pouter pigeons was observed by Commander R. N. Napier. "A number of them were feeding on a few oats that had been accidentally dropped while fixing the nose-bag on a horse standing at bait. Having finished all the grain, a large pouter rose, and, flapping its wings furiously, flew straight at the horse's eyes, causing the animal to toss his head, and in doing so, of course, shake out more corn. I saw this several times repeated—in fact, whenever the supply on hand was exhausted." The *honey guides*, of which there are about a dozen species, are singularly cunning: they catch and eat bees, and as soon as they see a man in the woods where a bee's nest is in the neighbourhood, they fly before him crying "Sirt, sirt." Livingstone, in his *Expedition to the Zambesi*, tells us that they are quite as anxious to lure the strangers to the hive as other birds are to draw him from their own nests. The object of the bird is to obtain the pupæ of the bees which are laid bare by the ravagers of the nest. Livingstone adds: "How is it that these birds have learned that all men, white and black, are fond of honey?"

Parrots are considered to surpass all other birds in intelligence, as they rival most others in beauty. There are about four hundred species of them; they are nearly all tropical or subtropical, and they feed principally on fruits. These birds have all a strong bill, the upper mandible being generally very much larger than the lower, and much curved, forming an acute point which overlaps the lower mandible. The tongue is for the most part soft and fleshy. As a rule, the wings and tails are long, the legs short and stout, and the feet are clearly formed for grasping. The grey parrot, which was first brought to Europe, though not distinguished by that brilliancy and variety of plumage that most of the other species display, is remarkable for docility and mimicry, the faculty of imitating the human voice and other sounds, its garrulity, and its clear enunciation. Mr. Jesse, in describing one of these parrots at Hampton Court, says:

I had seen and heard so much of it, that I obtained the following particulars respecting it, which may be vouched for. "Her laugh is quite extraordinary, and it is impossible not to join in it oneself, more

especially when in the midst of it she cries out : ' Don't make me laugh so, I shall die,' and then continues laughing louder than ever. Her crying and sobbing are most curious, and if we say, ' Poor Poll, what is the matter?' she answers, ' So bad, so bad ! got such a cold !' and after crying for some time will gradually cease, and making a noise, like drawing a long breath, will say, ' Better now,' and begin to laugh. The first time I heard her speak was one day when I was talking to the maid at the bottom of the stairs, and heard what I thought was a child call out ' Payne'—the maid's name—' I am not well,' and on my asking what was the matter, she replied, ' It is only the parrot ; she always does so, when I leave her alone, to make me come back.' And so it proved ; for on her going into the room the parrot stopped, and began to laugh quite in a jeering way. Whenever she is offended she begins to cry, and on the other hand, when pleased, to laugh. If any one sneezes or coughs, she says, ' What a bad cold !' One day, when the children were playing with her, the maid came into the room, and on their repeating to her several times things which the parrot had said, Poll looked up and said quite plainly, ' No, I didn't.' Sometimes, when she is inclined to be mischievous, the maid threatens to beat her, and she often answers, ' No, you won't !' She calls the cat most plainly, saying ' Puss, puss,' and then answers ' Mew ;' but the most amusing part is, that whenever I want to make her call it, and to that purpose say ' Puss, puss' myself, she always replies ' Mew' till I begin mewling, and then she begins calling ' Puss' as quickly as possible. She imitates every kind of noise, and barks so naturally that I have known her to set all the dogs on the parade at Hampton Court barking, and I daresay, if the truth was known, wondering what was barking at them ; and the consternation I have seen her cause in a party of cocks and hens by her crowing and chuckling has been the most ludicrous scene possible. She sings just like a child, and I have more than once thought it was a human being ; and it is most ridiculous to hear her make what one would call a false note, and then say, ' Oh, la !' and then burst out laughing at herself, beginning again in another key. She is very fond of singing ' Buy a broom,' which she says quite plainly ; but in the same spirit as in calling the cat, if we say, with a view to make her repeat it, ' Buy a broom,' she always says ' Buy a brush,' and then laughs like a mischievous child. She often performs a kind of exercise, like the lance exercise, putting her claw behind her, first on one side and then on the other, then in front, and round over her head, and whilst doing so saying, ' Come on, come on,' and when finished, ' Bravo, Poll—beautiful !' and proudly draw herself up."

Dr. S. Wilkes, in describing his parrot, says : " Though possessing a good vocabulary of words and sentences, he can only retain them for a few months unless kept constantly in practice by the suggestive recurrence of some circumstances, which

causes their continual utterance. If forgotten, however, they are soon revived in the memory, by again repeating them a few times, and much more speedily than any new sentence can be acquired. In beginning to teach a parrot a new sentence, it has to be repeated many times, the bird all the while listening most attentively by turning the opening of the ear as close as possible to the speaker; after a few hours it is heard attempting to say the phrase . . . eventually this is uttered perfectly, but at first the attempt is poor and ludicrous."

MEMORY.—That birds have memory is a well known fact, in some species this faculty being strikingly developed. Frank Buckland tells of a pigeon which remembered the voice of its mistress after an absence of more than eighteen months. Wilson in his *American Ornithology*, tells of a gentleman who had a crow with whose tricks he used to amuse himself. After it had lived long in the family it suddenly disappeared, and it was supposed that it had been unfortunately shot by some sportsmen or destroyed by accident. About a year afterwards as the gentleman was standing one evening in company with several others on the river shore, a number of crows passed by, one of them left the flock and, having alighted on the gentleman's shoulder, began to gabble away with great volubility, as one long absent friend naturally does on meeting another. On recovering a little from his surprise, the gentleman recognised his old acquaintance and endeavoured to lay hold of him, but the crow, not relishing such familiarity, having had a taste of the sweets of liberty eluded his attempt, and glancing his eye on his distant companions mounted in the air after them and was never again seen to return.

EMOTIONS.—In birds we find pride, jealousy, resentment, and curiosity strongly developed, while in the tenderer feelings of affection and sympathy they are decidedly in advance of all the lower animals. The jealousy and vindictiveness of birds is well known. Watson on the *Reasoning Power of Animals*, gives some curious instances of this in male birds slaying their mates upon the latter hatching out eggs of other birds, and of a domestic cock doing the same as soon as his hen had hatched a brood of young partridges from eggs that had been set to her. Mr. Jesse, describing the recollection of injury in swallows and their eagerness to resent it, tells us that a pair of swallows built their nest under the ledge of a house at Hampton Court, no sooner was it completed than a couple of sparrows drove them

from it, notwithstanding that the swallows made a good resistance and even brought others to assist them. The intruders were left in peaceable possession of the nest till the two old birds were obliged to quit it to provide for their young. But no sooner had they departed than several swallows came and broke down the nest, and he saw the young sparrows lying dead on the ground. As soon as they had demolished the nest, the swallows began to rebuild it for themselves.

The pride and pleasure birds take in their own achievements is often seen, more especially in parrots, who, whenever they have learnt a new feat or phrase, show unmistakable elation at the result. The curiosity of birds is often played upon by sportsmen; unaccustomed objects being placed within their sight, the unsuspecting birds approach to examine them and are caught. It is also said by travellers that in the uninhabited Oceanic Isles, the birds venture quite near to the first human beings they see, in order to examine them and find out something about them.

AFFECTION.—The pining of the love-bird for its absent mate and the evident distress of a hen when bereft of her chickens, amply prove that birds are endowed with affection, of which numerous examples might be cited, showing that they sometimes even die for love, as the ostrich at the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, which pined rapidly away on the loss of his mate and died of grief. Dr. Bennet tells of a drake that was stolen one night; his mate, in despair at her bereavement, retired into a corner and neglected food and drink. While still sorrowing she was courted by a drake which had lost his spouse, but the supposed widow would give him no encouragement. At length the drake was recovered and restored to the aviary, when the most extravagant demonstrations of joy were displayed by the affectionate couple, and, strange to say, as if informed by his wife of the amorous proposals made to her in his absence, the drake attacked and killed his unfortunate rival.

We must not take our ideas of the conjugal fidelity of birds from our domestic poultry, whose freedom is abridged, and whose manners and habits are corrupted by slavery, but rather of those in the fields and forests, where their native simplicity prevails, and where the number of males is about equal to that of females. Many birds live together for years with inviolable fidelity, and when one dies the other is often seen to follow it not long after. Eagles, for instance, pair for a lifetime,

and usually live on the same mountains year after year. Many other species pair together each season.

The following touching story is given on good authority :

I knew two parrots who had lived together for years when the female became weak and her legs swelled from gout, till it became impossible for her to descend from the perch or to take food as formerly, but the male was most persevering in carrying it to her in his beak. He continued feeding her in this manner for four months, but the infirmities of his spouse increased from week to week, till she could no longer support herself on her perch, but remained cowering down in the bottom of the cage. The male was always near her, his gestures and his continued solicitude showed the most ardent desire to relieve the sufferings of his poor companion. But the scene became still more touching when the sick parrot was dying. Her afflicted mate moved round her incessantly, redoubling all his care and attention. He even tried to open her beak to give her some nourishment. He kept running up to her, returning again with a troubled look, uttering at intervals the most plaintive cries, then, with his eyes fixed on her, kept a mournful silence. At length his companion breathed her last, and from that moment her devoted survivor pined away and shortly after died.

Thomas Edward tells a touching story of the self-sacrificing affection of birds. Walking out one afternoon after the snow had been falling several days, he came upon a wild duck lying beside a tuft of rushes. It was dead, the neck stretched out, the mouth full of snow, the wings extended over her nest. On lifting up the bird he found eleven eggs, all containing young birds ; it was evident that she had died in trying to save her eggs from the effects of the snowstorm. An equally affecting incident is told on good authority of a stork which had built its nest on a house and there laid its eggs and hatched its young. One day—before the downy nestlings could fly—the house caught fire. First the stifling smoke reached the nest, and against this the stork defended it as best she could, covering it carefully with her broad wings. Soon the flames appeared, and crept and leaped along the eaves up towards the ridge near the chimney where the nest was built. The heat must have been insufferable, but the bird made no attempt to escape, she could not abandon her young. Even dead she might yet lie upon them and cover them from the fire with the scorched feathers of her wings. As the fire burned on at length the roof fell, and then, alas ! bird and nest and young were all buried in the blazing ruin beneath. The tender solicitude of the mother bird for her young in rearing and feeding them as long as they

need such care is well known. Not only the most timid become brave in the defence of their offspring, but also their spirit and industry in nourishing them cannot be exceeded; birds of prey usually become more than ordinarily fierce at this season. While their young are yet unfledged the parent birds carefully provide them with a regular supply, and lest one of them should take more than its share from the rest, they feed them each in their turn. If they chance to perceive that any one has disturbed their nest, they abandon the spot, and hastily provide their little ones a safer, though perhaps less comfortable retreat.

PATIENCE.—Nothing can exceed the patience of birds while hatching, neither the calls of hunger nor the approach of danger, tempting them from the nest, though before incubation is over, the female bird is often wasted to skin and bone. Ravens, crows, and many other species, while their mates are sitting, assiduously provide them with food. Among the smaller birds the male generally sits near his spouse the whole time, soothing her by his song, and when she is tired often taking her place and patiently remaining on the nest till her return.

SYMPATHY.—Among the many proofs that might be cited of the tender sympathy of birds when one of their species is wounded, the two following are very striking. T. Edward, in his autobiography, says, that loitering along the sands one afternoon he saw some flocks of the common *tern* fishing on the sea. Presently one came flying towards the shore, and wishing to get a specimen of this bird he fired at it. The bird fell into the water, one wing being broken. The report of the gun, and the screams of the tern brought all the flock around it. Two of them took hold of their wounded companion, one at each wing, lifted him up from the water, and carried him back seaward. When they had gone seven or eight yards, the first two gently dropped their burden, and two others took their place at its wings. In this way it was gradually taken off to a rock at some distance, when Edward reached this rock, the wounded bird was again carried off in the same manner. Jesse states that *rooks*, instead of being scared away by the report of a gun and leaving their dead or wounded companion to his fate, usually manifest the greatest sympathy for him, uttering cries of distress, sometimes making a dart into the sky close to him, as if to see whether he would not follow them. "I have seen," says he, "a rook just shot, picked up in order to use him as a scare-crow, and while the poor bird was still fluttering in the

gamekeeper's hand, one of his companions whirled round, and suddenly passed so close as almost to touch him, as if with a last hope of still being able to render some help to his unfortunate friend." When we consider the instinctive care with which rooks avoid any one carrying a gun, one can more justly estimate the force of their friendship in continuing to hover round one who has just killed their companion before their eyes.

PLAY.—Many species of birds amuse themselves by different kinds of recreation. The extraordinary play-houses of the *bower-birds* have been described by Mr. Gould in his *History of the Birds of New South Wales*. "On visiting the cedar-bushes of the Liverpool range I discovered several of these bowers on the ground, under the shelter of the branches of the over-hanging trees in the most retired part of the forest. They differed considerably in size, some being a third larger than others. The base consists of an extensive and rather convex platform of sticks, firmly interwoven, in the centre of which the bower is built. This, like the platform on which it is placed, and with which it is interwoven, is found to be of sticks and twigs, but of a more flexible description, the tips of the twigs being so arranged as to curve inwards, and nearly to meet at the top; in the interior the materials are so placed that the forks of the twigs are always presented outwards, by which arrangement not the slightest obstruction is offered to the passage of the birds. The interest of this circumstance is much enhanced by the manner in which it is decorated with the most gaily coloured articles that can be collected, such as the blue tail-feathers of the *rose-bill*, the *crimson touraco*, the *violet plaitain eater*, and those of the richly tinted *cockatoos*, intertwined with bleached bones, shells of snails, &c. Some of the feathers are inserted among the twigs, while others with the bones and shells are strewed near the entrances. The propensity of these birds to fly off with any attractive object is so well known to the natives that they always search the bowers for any missing article that may have been accidentally dropped in the bush. I myself found at the entrance of one of them a small neatly-worked tomahawk of an inch and a half in length, together with some strips of blue and pink cotton rags which the birds had doubtless picked up at some deserted encampment. It is ascertained that these bowers are merely places of amusement in which the birds meet, and they may be seen running through and around the bower in a sportive playful manner,

and performing various extraordinary feats." The bowers of the *spotted bower-birds*, common in the interior of Australia, are still more wonderful. They are considerably longer and more avenue-like than those of the satin bower-birds, being often more than three feet in length, the decorations are very profuse, consisting chiefly of bivalve shells, crania of small mammalia, and other bones tastefully arranged. In fact, beautiful instances of design are manifest throughout the bowers which are frequently found remote from any river, so that the shells and small stones employed in the decoration must have been carried from a considerable distance. Immense labour had evidently been bestowed by these birds in the construction and ornamenting of these curious assembly-rooms.

ÆSTHETIC FACULTY.—It is now agreed by our greatest naturalists that birds possess some perception of the beautiful, and display both artistic feeling in their architecture, and delight in beholding beautiful plumage in their species, and we need scarcely refer to the well-known facts respecting the delicate cleanliness of their habits and fastidious care of their plumage. They also take decided pleasure in listening to music, and evidently find enjoyment in the songs of their mates. Some of the species take especial pains to teach their young to sing. A wren having built her nest in a box near a house, her movements were plainly observed by the family. She fixed herself one day on one side of the opening in the box, directly before her young, and began by singing over the whole song very distinctly. One of the young birds then attempted to imitate her. After proceeding through a few notes its voice broke, and it lost the time. The mother immediately recommenced where the young one had failed, and went very distinctly through with the remainder. The young wren made a second attempt, commencing where it had ceased before, and continuing the song as long as it was able; and when the note was again lost, the mother began anew where it stopped, and completed it. Then the young one resumed the tune, and finished it. This done, the parent sang over the whole series of notes a second time with great precision; and a second of her brood attempted to follow her. The wren pursued the same course with this as with the first; and so on with the others. It sometimes happened that the young one would lose the tune three or four times in the same attempt; in which case the mother-bird uniformly began where they ceased, and sang the remaining

notes; and when each had completed the trial, she repeated the whole strain. The mother observed the same conduct towards them as when one sang alone. This was repeated day after day, and several times in a day. Sometimes birds also evince much delight in melody which they do not themselves produce. Parrots, for instance, often show pleasure in hearing singing, or a musical instrument played, and not long since, according to Professor J. Lockman, a young lady in Cheshire observed a pigeon descend from an adjacent dovecot and perch himself at the window whenever she played Handel's air *Speri si*, to which it listened, apparently with the most pleasing emotions, always returning to its dovecot immediately the air was finished. What music can be sweeter than the song of the nightingale, the skylark, or the thrush? or what fact more touching than that the young ones learn from their parent the loving notes, that they in their turn may be able to woo and win some gentle mate to share their own nests? In the throat of the singing birds it may be said the voice of the air is knit into unwearied song, rippling in gladness through the clear heaven, expressing an intensity of feeling through the soft spring nights, bursting into rapturous chorus at daybreak, or twittering among the boughs and hedges through the heat of the day, like the little breezes that only shake the cowslip-bells or ruffle the petals of the wild rose.

MARIANNE BELL.

The Tribunal of Faith: The Inquisition.

WHEN we speak of the Inquisition, our thoughts advert, at once, to a particular period and a particular country. The country is Spain; the period is, to speak roughly, the sixteenth century. He must be a bold man who undertakes the cause of the Inquisition; quite as bold, perhaps, as one who would undertake the defence of the Jesuits. We propose to inquire into the true history of the institution: it will be to the honour of human nature if we can prove that things were not so bad as the enemies of the Inquisition have represented them: nay, these enemies themselves ought to be glad to find that they have been mistaken in their estimate of this wide-famed tribunal, and that the Institution which saved Spain from ruin, did not effect this object by undue severity, but by the legitimate exercise of justice, ever ready to extend mercy to the convicted culprit on any sign of repentance.

The "Tribunal of Faith," as one saintly man (Ribadeneira) calls it, or the "Tribunal of God," as it is styled by another (Ximenes),¹ has among Protestants, and a good many Catholics too, a bad name. Ignorance and malice have stamped it as the incarnation of unprincipled savagery, and the world will remain and rejoice in its delusion till doomsday. Were Ximenes himself to reappear on earth and describe the Inquisition of which he was the leading spirit for years, he would find the lie too deeply rooted for eradication. The worst of it is that even Catholics, who ought to be proud of the Church's institutions, have been misled by the misrepresentations of the enemies of the Holy Office and talk as ignorantly as their adversaries of the horrors of the Inquisition. We may despair of opening the eyes of Protestants, for they wish the Inquisition to be an abomination, but Catholics ought to be glad to discover that the Tribunal, which saints have praised and revolutionists abhor, was a Court

¹ See Morel, *Somme contre le Catholicisme Libéral*, t. 2, pp. 139, 144. This admirable book should be studied by all Catholics.

of Mercy and of Justice, comparison with which would be a compliment to an English Court of Justice.

That we may prepare our readers for the truth with regard to the "Tribunal of God," we will put side by side the description of an *auto-da-fé*, as caricatured by popular prejudice and as given by a learned historian, Bishop Héfélé, who writes, however, as though he were afraid of the criticism and ridicule of those whose prejudices he combats, and as though he scarcely had the courage to confront noisy calumny with sober truth.²

"We picture to ourselves an *auto-da-fé*," he writes, "as something dreadful and horrible: we imagine an immense brazier—a colossal furnace—surrounded by Spaniards like so many cannibals, greedy to glut their eyes, every three months, with the grilled flesh of some hundreds of poor wretches, whose only crime was their being more enlightened than their judges, and being in advance of their age.

"But what in fact was an *auto-da-fé*, the Act of Faith? It never burned innocent victims nor ever had anything to do with burning innocent victims. Its object was to set at liberty those who had been falsely accused or to reconcile those who were penitent, to the Church; and it is simple matter of fact that in a vast number of instances there was nothing that was burned but the wax taper held in the hand of the reconciled penitent, and lighted, as a symbol of the light of the faith, rekindled in his soul."³ A writer, Llorente, whose general purpose was to exhibit the Inquisition in the most revolting colours, tells us that in an *auto-da-fé* at Toledo (February 12, 1486) there were seven hundred and fifty culprits condemned and punished with some canonical penance or other, but that of these not one was made over to the civil power as guilty of a crime worthy of death: their punishment was no more than the public penance which they then and there performed. In another, nine hundred were found guilty, but not one as guilty of a crime meriting capital punishment. On another occasion out of seven hundred and fifty; and again out of nine hundred and fifty, not one was pronounced liable to capital punishment. An *auto-da-fé* was

² See, in the Dictionary of Wetzer and Welte, the article by Bishop Héfélé, *L'Inquisition Politique d'Espagne*.

³ Llorente's worth as an authority against the Inquisition, is examined by Balmez in an Appendix to the French editor of his work, tom. ii. p. 413. The facts in the text are quoted by Bishop Héfélé, in Wetzer and Welte, t. xi. p. 439. See too p. 432, note. See too on Llorente, Morel, pp. 97—102. "Il se contredit à tout propos."

in fact a grand act of the reconciliation of penitents. The joy of the crowding spectators of all ranks, from royalty to the humble peasant, was only marred by the presence of the exceptional convicts—when there were any—who would not repent. Of course we know that the Inquisition had not itself the power of inflicting the punishment of death, but the State made over to the Inquisition the inquiry into the guilt of the accused with regard to certain crimes, and in case the guilt were proved, the State carried out the capital sentence. The Inquisition neither had nor desired to have the power to inflict capital punishment, and the number of those whom the State executed for crimes of which the cognizance belonged to the Tribunal of Faith, was utterly insignificant compared with the slaughter, not only of the guilty, but of the innocent along with the guilty, in the wars waged in other countries in consequence of the Protestant revolution.

What now is meant by the Inquisition? Change the word "Inquisition" into its equivalent, "Inquiry," and some light will at once be thrown on the matter. The Court of Inquisition was a Court of Inquiry; and the Tribunals of this Court of Inquiry came into being by a very natural development. A Court of Inquiry differs from another court in this: other courts adjudicate in cases brought before them, without seeking out the cases: a Court of Inquiry, for the common good, uses means for discovering and unearthing the enemies of order and religion. There have been disloyal Catholics in the world. Sowers of heresy and dupes of heresy have troubled God's Church and endangered the souls of her children at all times. To protect the sound portion of a diocese or district from the poison of false teaching, it was the duty of Bishops to "inquire," on their visitations, into the state of the several parishes within their jurisdiction. The Pope, Innocent the Third (A.D. 1216), decreed that Bishops should make these inquiries annually, and one or more of the inhabitants of each district were charged with the duty of aiding the Bishops in their inquiry, pledging themselves by an oath, renewed every two years, to perform the task assigned them with all fidelity. The labour entailed by these inquiries was too great for the Bishops without additional help, and this additional help was provided by associating with them delegates from a religious order. Innocent the Third delegated members of the Cistercian Order. Gregory the Ninth substituted for them Dominicans, and the glorious Order of the

Friars Preachers has ever since served the Church of God in this capacity. Gradually, here and there, were established permanent tribunals of inquiry, and these carried on their functions especially in Spain, Portugal, and Italy. At the close of the fifteenth century (A.D. 1478) peculiar circumstances in Spain rendered it necessary to reinvigorate the old system by a new organization, able to cope with enemies who threatened to undermine Spanish nationality and the Church (which was co-extensive with the Civil State) in Spain. This danger arose first from the Jews and Moors; and subsequently from the poison of the Protestant Revolution of the sixteenth century. Had the Inquisition existed in France, organized as it was in Spain, it would have prevented the French Revolution.⁴ The "Tribunal of Faith" was Spain's palladium against ruin: nor was it only Spain's preservation against ruin, but it made the sixteenth century the most glorious period of Spanish history. The age of the re-organized Inquisition was Spain's century of literature, heroes and saints.

The Jews as such had long been regarded as dangerous neighbours of the Spaniards. Nor was Spain singular in its estimate of Jewish influence; and popular indignation had often elsewhere been roused against them. We read of Jews massacred in England⁵ when Richard the First was crowned (A.D. 1189), and of five hundred Jews perishing the next year at York; of the butchery of Jews under King John; of seven hundred killed in London under Henry the Third; of two hundred and sixty-seven hanged under the First Edward; and of the banishment of the Jews in the same reign, to the number of more than fifteen thousand: neither could they find a home in England again till Cromwell after an exile of three hundred and seventy years. Half way through the fourteenth century, numbers of Jews were massacred in Europe, charged with the crime of poisoning the water-springs. The presence of the Jews in Spain was tolerated for two centuries longer than in England.

The special danger arising from the presence of the Jews in Spain was the pretended conversion of many of them to Christianity, in order to acquire social position and political power. They had themselves baptized and they conformed outwardly to Catholic customs while in secret they practised their national and religious rites. They insinuated themselves into

⁴ De Maistre, p. 55.

⁵ See Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates*, "Jews."

the highest offices both of Church and State, and as their influence increased, so did the danger of the Christian commonweal. It became absolutely necessary to provide a means of detecting the fraud and unmasking the hypocrisy of pseudo-Christians. It was on occasion of a visit of Barberis, an Inquisitor from Sicily, to Seville, that on his recommendation, a new organization of the old Court of Inquiry, or Inquisition, in Spain, was set on foot. Barberis was informed by the Dominicans of Seville, of the dangers with which Andalusia and Spain, at large, were threatened, from the causes just mentioned, and he explained and recommended the process followed by the Court of Inquiry in Sicily. Spain had now been united into one kingdom by the marriage of Isabella of Castile with Ferdinand of Aragon, and these sovereigns, in self-defence, favoured the erection of a Supreme Tribunal of Inquiry at Seville: this was a truly Ecclesiastical Tribunal, and was approved by the Pope, Sixtus the Fourth, in 1478. Through misrepresentations or invidious representations the Holy See was alarmed, and feared that it had been precipitate in sanctioning the new Court: it expressed its doubts and suspicions and its displeasure at having been, as it seemed, surprised into an approval which it withdrew, but after full investigation of the matter the Holy See fully ratified its first approval, thus pronouncing a judgment in favour of the revised Court far more flattering than if no difficulties had been raised. In those days, five hundred leagues' distance presented a serious obstacle to rapidity of decision, and it was on October 17, 1483, that the final favourable judgment was given, and the saintly Thomas de Torquemada was installed as head of the new Office and Inquisitor General of Aragon and Castile: from this year (1483) the origin of the re-organised Court is to be dated.⁶ Torquemada erected four tribunals, namely, at Seville, Cordova, Jaen and Villa Real: the last was subsequently transferred to Toledo.

Nine years after (A.D. 1492) two events increased seriously the dangers arising from the hypocritical simulation of Christianity. On March 31, 1492, an edict was published

⁶ 1478, Nov. 1. Sixtus the Fourth approves the new Court.

1482, Jan. 29. Demurs, in consequence of false accusations, &c.

1483, Feb. 14. Asks for further information.

1483, July 2. Reserves appeals to himself.

1483, Oct. 17. After full inquiry, unconditionally approves; and constitutes Thomas Torquemada, O.P., Inquisitor General of Castile and Aragon (See Morel, p. 69).

banishing the Jews from Spain. We in England had banished them two hundred years before. In the same year the Moorish kingdom of Granada was brought to an end, and the Moors were subjected to Ferdinand and Isabella, but they were allowed to remain in Spain till their expulsion in 1609. The same now happened in the case of the Moors as with the Jews. Numbers of them simulated Christianity, and were baptized, while they clung secretly to their own superstition and formed another body hostile to the Spanish commonweal. The pseudo-Christian Jews were called Maranos; the pseudo-Christian Moors called Moriscoes. The wish to evade the decree of expulsion increased the number of Jews who simulated conversion to Christianity. It was necessary for the security of the Spanish State, no less than for the Spanish faith, that the hypocrisy or apostasy of the Maranos and the Moriscoes should be detected and exposed: and this duty fell naturally under the jurisdiction of the Tribunal of Faith. In the course of the sixteenth century, similar danger threatened Spain from the Protestant Revolution, and against this danger too Spain was guarded by the same Tribunal, and by virtue of this Tribunal the State and Church in Spain were protected by comparatively few capital sentences, while the blood spilt in the wars occasioned by Protestantism in the rest of Europe, was enough, says the Count de Maistre, to float a ship. The number of capital sentences executed by the Spanish Government would agree with the number of unrepentant criminals convicted of murder, corruption of the innocent, blasphemy, heresy, apostasy, unnatural crimes, bigamy, and other crimes of which the Inquisition took cognisance. An utterly untrustworthy writer, Llorente, has multiplied the numbers without scruple. The fact is, that through the whole of the presidency of Torquemada, the average was less than one hundred and forty in the year. Compare this with Stow's assertion that during the thirty-eight years of Henry the Eighth (whose reign began fifteen years after Torquemada's death) seventy-two thousand suffered capital punishment, *i.e.*, more than one thousand eight hundred every year, and it will appear that Spain does not stand at a disadvantage, when compared with England.

What, now, was the character of this new High Court of Inquiry called the Spanish Inquisition? It agreed with its motto—"Arise, O God, and judge Thine own cause!" or

otherwise, *Misericordia et Justitia*—"Mercy and Justice;" and it was well symbolized by its device: the Cross, the Olive Branch, and the Sword.⁷ No contemporary tribunal has rivalled it in its sagacity, integrity, caution, and mercy. How could it be otherwise with such men as Thomas de Torquemada and Ximenes at its head? Once indeed a Court of the Inquisition committed murder: but this was in Portugal, when the unprincipled Pombal deprived it, by his absolute power, of its ecclesiastical character: the office of Grand Inquisitor had hitherto been confirmed by the Pope; without this the Tribunal did not exist: Pombal deposed the president and set in his place, unauthorized, a creature of his own, and Malagrida, the Jesuit Father, was burned at Lisbon,⁸ not therefore by the Inquisition, but by Pombal: but this was long after the period on which we are engaged and took place in 1761, when revolutionary unprincipledness was rampant.

The Spanish Inquisition corresponded in character with its presidents, Torquemada and Ximenes: with Ximenes whose name has in several cases been placed by his fellow-countrymen in their Martyrologies, in anticipation of the authoritative judgment of the Vicar of Christ: and with Torquemada—who walked so closely in the footsteps of the saints—admirable in courage and discretion, in meekness and humility, in mortification and self-denial,⁹ who declined a bishopric because it conferred honour, who accepted the post of Inquisitor because it involved danger; who, like Ximenes and Thomas of Canterbury wore the rough vest under his robes of office: who denied himself comfort in dress, flesh-meat at his repasts, and the luxury of a bed for his repose: truly he was a man worthy of the anathemas of Protestantism and the veneration of the children of God. Under such superintendence no court of justice could be other than merciful; guided by them no tribunal of mercy could be other than just: it could not be otherwise than sagacious in detecting the guilt of the criminal or otherwise than merciful to the penitent. This Court of Faith substituted in a Catholic people, whose faith and nationality were at stake, the calm process of a Court of Justice for the violent outbursts of popular indignation:

⁷ See Morel, p. 72. There are engravings of the banner, &c., of the Inquisition, in Limborch, p. 370.

⁸ Morel, p. 55, and Father Weld's *Suppression of the Society of Jesus in the Portuguese Dominions*, ch. xii. (Quarterly Series).

⁹ See Morel, p. 146.

substituted the cool judgment of the accomplished Judge, for the horrors of Lynch Law.¹⁰ The treatment which the falsely accused, or the justly accused but penitent, experienced at the hands of the Tribunal of God, is attested by the very men who were cited or in danger of being cited before the tribunal. A declaration was presented to Manriques, the fourth in succession from Torquemada, in which the petitioners affirm that, "All your predecessors have treated us with equity and taken us under their protection."¹¹

The Inquisition was the corrective to what we should call Lynch Law. Reflect for a moment what might have resulted from the uncontrolled indignation of a people, Catholic to the back bone, if men were found to blurt out blasphemies against all that such a people held to be holy, and to spread doctrines which would seduce their children, the rising generation, from all that they deemed precious for this life and the next. What could we expect but tumultuary risings: terrible effects of violence and massacres—Lynch Law with all its horrors? The Tribunal of Faith prevented such consequences. At the outset of the sixteenth century, the Spaniards saw, as it were, the rising smoke, premonitory of a conflagration in Europe. They adopted the Inquisition as the means for preserving religious unity and preventing religious wars. Elsewhere the same means were not used: what have been the results in the two cases? On the one side, a war of thirty years kindled by the arguments of Luther: the shocking excesses of the Anabaptists and of the peasants: the civil wars of France, England, and Flanders; the massacres of St. Bartholomew's, and of Mérindal and of the Cevennes: the murder of Mary Queen of Scots; of Henry the Third; of Henry the Fourth; of Charles the First; of the Prince of Orange! A ship would float on the blood, poured out by the reformers. On the other side, during the three centuries after the re-organization of the Inquisition, Spain enjoyed more peace and prosperity than any other country in Europe.¹² We have read with horror of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's: what was this massacre? The most satisfactory account would seem to be that without lawful process, under the direction of popular indignation Lynch Law was executed on the assailants of the faith of Frenchmen. The

¹⁰ See Morel, p. 38 and p. 134.

¹¹ See Barthélemy, *Erreurs et Mensonges Historiques* (p. 48, "L'Inquisition").

¹² Cf. De Maistre's Third Letter on the Spanish Inquisition.

proceeding was unjustifiable, but it took place because France had no Tribunal of Faith. Spain itself, before the Tribunal of Faith was set on its efficient footing by Sixtus the Fourth, had its St. Bartholomew in the massacre of the Jews in 1391, in which five thousand Jews perished.¹³ If then the very zeal of a people for that which it counts more precious than life itself, is liable to carry the multitude into excesses greatly to be deplored, it is evidently most desirable that a tribunal should exist which should judge cases without prejudice, which should protect the innocent, carry conviction to the mistaken, and punish those only who really deserved punishment.

No wonder that there were some who deserved punishment — capital punishment ; and the capital punishment which was incurred for other crimes such as rebellion, highway robbery, and others in Protestant England, might be incurred by rebellion against the faith of the whole people in Catholic Spain. Capital punishment is inflicted for grave offences against social order. That the punishment of death is not contrary to God's law is quite plain. It was enjoined as a punishment for many offences in the Mosaic Law and in the New Testament, the Apostle tells us that the prince bears not the sword in vain. The nature of the crime that may be punished with death varies in different countries. The natural punishment for taking away life might seem to be the deprivation of life, nor would any Government be considered cruel that punished murder with death. At a time when travelling was more exposed to bandits—when there was no gas or electric light to change night into day—when communication by rail and telegraph did not exist as now, it might be necessary for the public safety, to punish with death many crimes short of murder. We in England can have little ground to boast of our clemency when during thirty-eight years of Henry the Eighth's reign, there were seventy-two thousand criminals executed :¹⁴ when between 1820 and 1830, seven hundred and ninety-seven were put to death, and so recently as 1818—1820, three hundred and twelve suffered in England and Wales. Compared with these all the executions carried out by the State in Spain on those who were convicted of obstinate heresy by the Tribunal of Faith were a mere handful. Moreover, in the last century and in this we find the sentence of

¹³ See Morel, p. 172.

¹⁴ Stow ; see Haydn, *Dictionary*, "Executions."

death executed in England for horse-stealing, highway robbery, forgery, coining, and arson: nay! by English law sheep-stealing too was punishable by death. If then an entire people is Catholic and takes to heart the honour of God as a good citizen takes to heart the honour of his sovereign and hates treason, the question hardly needs asking whether there would be any incongruity in such a people's punishing treason against God as a capital crime. That to do so would not be contrary to justice is evident, for otherwise God would be unjust who ordered the blasphemer among the Jews to be stoned.¹⁵ God Himself was pleased to give an example of the punishment merited by lying against the Holy Ghost, when He visited with death Ananias and Saphira, and He used St. Peter to pronounce the sentence. It was the office of the Tribunal of God in Spain to ascertain whether those accused of polygamy, corruption of the innocent, abominable (and in these days, fashionable) crimes, robbery of churches, blasphemy, usury, murder and sedition, and other crimes were really guilty and then leave them to the State for condign punishment.

It was not Jews and Moors that were subject to the jurisdiction of the Tribunal of Faith, but Maranos and Moriscoes, that is, as above noticed, Jews and Moors that simulated Christianity. Such only as had been baptized could be tried by the Inquisition. Of these the sincere converts had nothing to fear: were an innocent man accused of tampering with the faith, he was sure of justice and certain to obtain acquittal. Those hypocrites and impostors only had reason to fear the Inquisition who, having been baptized, had made themselves amenable to its jurisdiction: they, if really guilty, were sure to be found out. But even here justice was tempered with mercy. Count de Maistre justly observes, that the introduction of the priesthood into the administration of justice, brought with it its natural accompaniment, mercy. In general, justice belongs to the Tribunal; mercy to the Sovereign. Judges are obliged to administer the law: the Sovereign supplements the defect of the law, arising from its universality, by modifying it or dis-

¹⁵ "He that will be proud and refuse to obey the commandment of the priest who ministereth at that time to the Lord thy God and the decree of the Judge—that man shall die and thou shalt take away the evil from Israel." Those who violated the Sabbath were to be capitally punished (Exod. xxxi. 14, 15). The blasphemer was to be stoned (Lev. xxiv. 14). "He that blasphemeth the Name of the Lord, dying let him die" (v. 15), and next to this is given the penalty of murder, "He that killeth a man, dying let him die" (v. 17).

pensing with it in the exceptional cases. But the priest will not consent to be judge unless he is also permitted the prerogative of mercy. The accused before a priestly tribunal may confess his fault, ask for pardon, and submit to certain religious penances, and he is quit. *Crime* is treated as *sin*, and *punishment* changed into *penance*.¹⁶ What other tribunal would or could set free the convicted felon on his repentance? With the Inquisition, if the accused would but confess his error he was pardoned: if he refused to confess and was proved guilty, he was put to public penance: those only who relapsed were given up in despair and yielded to the Civil Power to suffer the penalty imposed by the law of the land. Such as persisted to their last breath suffered at the stake—Englishmen have been disembowelled alive for being Catholic priests, in England!—but the least sign of repentance, the declaration that they wished to die Catholics, would save those condemned by the Inquisition from the penalty of fire: they would be strangled and their dead bodies cremated.¹⁷ The necessity of the case under the circumstances of the time, obliged Paul the Fourth to remove the condition of “relapse” in the case of the renegades whose heresy was proved and who persisted in it.¹⁸

Since, then, the whole action of the Tribunal of Faith was founded on the wisest basis of justice and mercy: since its effects were most advantageous by preserving Spain from the bloodshed—“enough to float a ship”—which deluged Europe in consequence of the Protestant Revolution, the question might be asked, “Do we, then, advocate its re-institution?”

We answer, No!

The existence of a High Court of Inquiry, such as the Tribunal of Faith pre-supposes that the State in which it exists is purely and entirely Catholic: that every member is ready to say: “I am a Catholic: I esteem my faith above all earthly things; I count loyalty to my Queen as one of the noblest virtues of a citizen, but I count, as highly at least, loyalty to my God. I cannot be loyal to my God without being loyal to the mother God has given me, His Holy Catholic Church. I will be true to my country: it is a greater duty still to be true to God’s Church; and this, which is my happiness and duty, is the happiness and the duty of every one of my fellow-countrymen, and, thank God, they feel as I do: and, if

¹⁶ Second Letter on the Inquisition.

¹⁷ See Limborch, p. 372.

¹⁸ See Morel, p. 48.

ever the time should come when I might prove faithless to God and His Church, I condemn myself beforehand and declare that I should be worthy of being treated as a felon and suffer the extreme penalty of the law, whatever form that penalty might take. If I prove traitor to my country and the Church, to my Sovereign and my God, I consent beforehand to my being done to death by my fellow-countrymen, as guilty of high treason, in the most exaggerated form."

Therefore it is no wish of ours to see the Court of Inquiry, the Tribunal of God, set up in Protestant England or in any other country in Europe. The existence of such a Court presupposes that the country in which it exists, is purely Catholic. Peoples and nations in these days have ceased to be Catholic. The leaven of heresy has destroyed the religious unity of nations. So long as the religious unity persisted all who were named Christians were, at the same time, Catholics. Nowadays we are obliged by common parlance to call by the name of Christians those who retain some only of the truths which they have been taught, indirectly at least, by the Catholic Church: and sects are called Christian with a large margin in the signification of the word. The appearance of an innovator proposing his own crude notions of Christianity as a substitute for any form of it already existing would be regarded by the State in a very different light from that in which it would have been regarded when all the inhabitants of the land were Catholics. Then, all and each of the citizens regarded the faith as a Divine deposit taught infallibly by the undivided, indivisible Church of Christ: now, when every sect has its own opinions and the supposed guidance of the Holy Ghost in each individual is supposed to be the Divine authority by which Christianity is taught,—each individual,—each sect has a claim to its own position; each new innovator or new sect comes forward with the same claim to the guidance of the Holy Ghost as the rest and its existence, so far from being in opposition to the principle on which the rest exist, is only in perfect harmony with it, *concordia discors*. The Government of a nation made up of sects is not troubled by the introduction of a new one: there is no need to take action against it: and even Socinianism and the Salvation Army, at any rate in its present undeveloped state, may be tolerated by the Government.

But suppose a Government, the supreme civil authority in a country, to be Catholic, and every one of its subjects Catholic:

suppose there are no religious sects, that all look on the Catholic Church, as she is indeed, as the common mother of all, rulers and governed; that to rulers and governed it has never occurred that twenty or sixty different religious systems, teaching different tenets as true, could be tolerated; that the appearance of an innovator would be a scandal to all his neighbours, and that the public teaching of his vagaries would introduce confusion, mutual hostility, and subversion of all order, civil as well as religious; would not the civil authority (the voice of which would in the case supposed, be coincident with the unanimous voice of the people) have a right to treat such innovation as a capital crime; and would not those who speak of the *Vox Populi* being the *Vox Dei* be bound to approve of the punishment which in such a country and under the circumstances, would be endorsed by the consentient voice of the people?

Europe was once Catholic: its civil governments were Catholic, and its religion was the Catholic faith, and its peoples were all Catholic. Then there arose danger to the faith of the people and to the stability of the civil government. The danger might come from Moor, or Jew, or innovator: the danger was the same. When it came from innovators, so-called reformers, there was a conflict in Europe between the children of the faith and the heretics: there was bloody conflict: there was war; and streams of blood were shed. The blood of the faithful was mingled with the blood of the assailants of the faith,—the blood of the innocent with that of the guilty,—and the victims numbered by thousands. Good and bad, equally, ran the hazard of war, and there was nothing to exempt the innocent from the fate of the guilty. Sometimes one side prevailed, sometimes the other, but multitudes of hecatombs were sacrificed under the arbitrement of war. There was a war that lasted thirty years.

In Spain, there stood on the one side the Catholic Church, the Catholic people, and a Catholic State: on the other, Jews, unbelievers, and heretics. Till the institution of the Inquisition Spain defended herself by Lynch Law: the Tribunal of Faith was instituted to distinguish the really guilty from the innocent, and with regard to the guilty themselves, to spare the penitent and punish those only who persisted in impenitence. By the institution of the Inquisition, all haphazard exercise of the arms of justice was prevented, and the Tribunal presided

over by Torquemada or Ximenes may well stand comparison with any English courts of justice, of which we are as a rule so justly proud.

No! The Tribunal of God could not be re-established; neither Europe nor any country in Europe is worthy of it. But because it cannot exist in Europe, and we do not seek to restore it, are we to condemn it where it could exist and where it has existed? It is a liberalism justly condemned that elevates the *fait accompli* into a principle. We may and ought to acquiesce in the *fait accompli* as such, but we shall degrade and stultify our Catholicity if we allow that it has been rightly accomplished and that sects have a right to exist; if we maintain that "a free Church in a free State" expresses not only what actually is but what ought to be. We may be glad that we enjoy much freedom in the free State of England, but we can never affirm that things are as God would wish them to be, until earth mirrors heaven and all its inhabitants are of one mind and one heart; until governments recognise the guiding authority of the Church of God, and look up to the Holy See as the Umpire of Nations. St. Paul would never have been satisfied with a "free Church in a free State": he would convert the State: he would not be satisfied with tolerating the co-existence of falsehood with truth: he and all true Catholics will have the Ideal before their minds though they have no belief in its realization while the world lasts: the higher we aspire the more we shall do for God, our Queen, and our Country; passive acquiescence in things as they are would emasculate all our efforts: by prudent acquiescence, we follow the guidance of Leo the Thirteenth.

ALBANY JAMES CHRISTIE.

In Memoriam of a Sister of Charity.

Yes, she is gone! Her upward path we trace
By the worn footprints of her weariness,
Then see no more; but only, lily-sweet,
Her life's pure scent wafts on new lives to bless.

She was a beauteous being, April-like:—
A thing of smiles alternate and of tears;
Of hidden joys and sorrows yet more deep,
Of prayer-born hopes, and Heavenward whispered fears.

She held her soul in her own hand, before
The mirror of God's spotless holiness;
And where she thought one stain to dim the bright,
Her tears of penitence made grand redress.

Amid the world's most busiest throng, she moved
In the still calm of God's eternal years;
The flowers of her sweet purity the while
Bloomed fresher for the dewing of her tears.

A ministering angel in distress:—
A vessel full of God's clear charity:—
A tide of life that slowly ebb'd away,
Blessèd, and blessing human misery.

And so, unto the throne of Christ she passed—
A virgin soul, made meet to worship Him:—
A lily, 'mid the thorns' most rampant growth,
Whose scent ne'er palled, nor purity grew dim.

And yet, withal, a strong and patient soul,
Moulded to inward suffering joyously:
Who living, died; and dying, lives to dwell
In life whose end is long Eternity.

FRANCES KERSHAW.

French Criticism of English Art.

La Peinture Anglaise par Ernest Chesneau is a little book of modest dimensions, which aims at far more solid and important results than either the judgment passed by a foreign authority on individual English paintings, or general review of the merits of English Art usually does, it presents, in addition, all the novelty of being a careful study of the development of art in England during the past and present centuries, for the further instruction of the French art-student in his own country. As such this book possesses the double value of pronouncing a competent and well-considered opinion on the subjects of which it treats, and of suggesting, as a branch of study most useful to encourage in England, the chief characteristics of foreign schools of painting. Of late years we have made marvellous strides in the appreciation and the acquisition of the decorative arts, however much there may be, and is, still to learn. But the professional student and the amateur, the young artist himself and the intelligent appreciator of his art, would all alike benefit by the careful perusal of the works which, along with the book before us, form a series under the title of *Bibliothèque de l'Enseignement des Beaux-Arts*, and securing both skill and care in execution by being published *sous le patronage de l'Administration des Beaux-Arts*.

It is difficult for the art-critic to adopt a line of perfect impartiality in feeling or accuracy in observation when weighing the merits of the various schools of painting followed by a country very opposite in national sympathies from his own; it must be acknowledged that his criticisms may, for the same reason, be received with undue suspicion and disbelief by the other side. We have certainly heard foreigners speak most harshly and contemptuously of British art; and English galleries of paintings, whether of modern artists or of the ancient masters, have been undeservedly depreciated in favour of foreign collections, but M. Chesneau's criticism is written in a very different

spirit, and though we are inclined to differ from him in a few points, and may wince a little when hit rather hard, yet we would do full justice to the truth of his remarks, and to the care and interest which he has bestowed on his undertaking.

The history of English art naturally divides itself into the earlier and the modern schools, the former of them ranging between the years 1730 and 1850, and the latter from that date to the present time. We are, however, reminded by M. Chesneau, in the very first line of his book, that the term *school* can be applied only in a very loose sense, more especially to the early period, the *naissance*, of art among us. This is undoubtedly true. If we compare the manner of its development with the formation in other countries of distinct bands of scholars gathered round each founder of a new style, and destined to develop and perpetuate his school, it has nothing in common. If we look amongst the individual painters in Britain up to the middle of this century for the signs in their works of any definite tradition it is equally absent. The only sense, it appears, in which we can claim a school of painting is that individual painters, in the exercise of their individual talents, and in the mutually unaided prosecution of their studies in the art have severally contributed to win favour and excellence of execution for their country in one or two particular branches, that is to say, almost exclusively, in portrait-painting, in landscape, and in *genre* of a particular class. It must be conceded also that as far as the effects at all events are concerned of a school in water-colour painting we possess these in the admirable historical arrangement of the works of our great artists in water-colours, which form a school of study on the walls of the Kensington Museum.

In his accusation on this head, M. Chesneau says :

Y a-t-il une école Anglaise ?

Si l'on s'en tient à la lettre étroite du mot Ecole, il s'applique d'une façon bien imparfaite au mouvement de la peinture en Angleterre. En effet, il sert généralement à désigner un ensemble de traditions et de procédés, une technique, un goût particulier dans le dessin, un sens de la couleur également particulier concourant à l'expression d'un idéal commun poursuivi par les artistes d'une même nation dans le même temps. A ce titre, il y a une école flamande, une école hollandaise, une école espagnole, il y a diverses écoles en Italie, il y a une école française ; mais il n'y a pas d'école anglaise.

Il n'y a pas d'école anglaise, car ce qui ressort très visiblement en

l'étude de la peinture en Angleterre, c'est précisément l'absence de toute tradition commune, c'est l'indépendance absolue, et pour ainsi dire, l'isolement de chaque peintre. On n'y trouve nulle empreinte d'une méthode ou d'une éducation collective, d'un enseignement officiel, d'une Académie à Rome, d'une école des beaux-arts. L'art anglais est un art libre, et à raison de sa liberté même, infiniment varié, plein de surprises et d'initiatives imprévues.

Mais si, pour la rapidité du discours, on confond sous le nom d'école le faisceau de toutes les manifestations individuelles qui représentent l'art d'un peuple, et un art digne de l'histoire, certes alors il y a une école anglaise.

Another general complaint which our critic makes against all the work achieved by English art before the year 1850 is its want of originality, or of the flight of true genius, and its obstinate nationality, isolating itself from all strict training in the school of the great masters of other times and countries. When we add that M. Chesneau especially excepts from this fault our most celebrated painters of landscape and portrait, and renders due honour to the genius of Turner and Landseer, we own ourselves bound to plead guilty. It was, no doubt, owing partly to our insular geographical position, partly to the natural independence of the British character, and in great measure to the absence of any school of teaching, together with the poverty through which our chief painters had to struggle to the acquisition of the first rudiments of their art, that they grew up self-taught, ignorant of any great models on which to form their style, confined to their own immediate neighbourhood, and the habits of the day for the sources of their inspiration, and perhaps born in too northern a clime to find their souls aglow with the fire of high creative genius. These causes, and their immediate results, we have referred to the painters of that earlier period, whom the writer charges with having mistaken eccentricity for originality, and sought after emotional effects rather than the scientific knowledge of their art, but can we justly exonerate the majority of our painters at the present moment from falling into the very same mistake, or at least wasting time and energy upon subjects wholly unworthy of their great natural gifts?

No one who still retains more or less fresh in his memory the general impression of large figures, of crude and incongruous colouring, produced upon his eye on first entering the rooms of the Royal Academy Exhibition, when its home was in Trafalgar

Square, can wonder at the censure pronounced by M. Chesneau on the technical points of colour, proportion, and design in our English pictures. In these same subjects nothing is more disappointing than a visit now to the Gallery set apart for diploma paintings in Burlington House. Here, too, as in our National Gallery, want of skill in the preparation and mixing of colours bears sad fruit in the fading away of tints, once all too bright and glowing, and in the hopeless disintegration of the surface itself. We cannot then quarrel with our critic's confession :

Il faut bien l'avouer pour des yeux habitués à la sobriété croissante de la couleur dans notre école de peinture, habitués d'autre part à l'harmonie des maîtres dont les chefs-d'œuvre peuplent nos Musées, le regard, en pénétrant dans les galeries consacrées à l'école anglaise dans nos trois grandes Expositions internationales de 1855, 1867 et 1878 nous communiquait une impression inattendue, saisissante, plutôt qu'une impression agréable. . . Les peintures qui les décoraient étaient en général violentes, et "criardes" de ton. Nous avons de prime-abord quelque peine à supporter un diapason de couleurs si élevé.

Notwithstanding these and other points still more strongly urged in disparagement of the merits of English art in general, chiefly on the score of its determined nationality and exclusiveness, M. Chesneau has studied the works of each of our painters with much care and delicate appreciation. We would say he deals but scant justice to the genius of Hogarth, whom he honours with the title of the founder of the English school, but whose style is somewhat too robust and trenchant for a Frenchman's more refined standard of criticism. He even appears to be inconsistent with himself on one or two points. Thus, after declaring that—

Hogarth ne comprenait pas et dédaignait de bonne foi ce qui nous appelons le style, la tradition des maîtres, l'art en tant qu'expression ou réalisation figurée de l'idéal. Le dessin, la couleur, la composition restent pour lui lettre close, des mots vides de sens, dès qu'on ne s'en sert point pour traduire une idée d'abord, et secondairement une idée utile, moralisatrice, aisément applicable et intelligible pour tout le monde.

He grants, when treating of Hogarth as a caricaturist—

Il a poussé plus loin que pas un artiste au monde l'éloquence, sous le crayon, du geste, de l'attitude, de l'expression, c'est-à-dire rendu la physionomie du visage, la physionomie du mouvement, et dans un tel et si parfait accord qu'on lit clairement les pensées de convoitise, de

haine, de bassesse, de souffrance, d'abêtissement, de douleur, de folie, de concupiscence, de terreur, de joie, de misère morale, de misère sociale qui s'agitent en ces âmes falotes, &c.

These and similar effects could not have been produced but by a true artist, while even now the chastened tones and skilful composition observable in most of his pictures are a pleasing contrast to the glaring inharmonious colouring employed by many painters who followed him in time.

After detecting in certain charming pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds an inclination to copy the mannerisms of such ancient masters as Murillo, Leonardo da Vinci, or Titian, our writer continues—

Ses portraits sont des tableaux, et il nous importe peu de connaître le personnage qu'ils représentent : ils nous suffisent par eux-mêmes et comme œuvres d'art. Reynolds a le secret de toutes les distinctions, de toutes les grâces de la femme et de l'enfant. Il rend avec une aisance merveilleuse les caprices les plus fugitifs de la mode, et sait leur donner le caractère éternel, celui de l'art. La chaste volupté des mères, la candeur et aussi la secrète ardeur des vierges, les étonnements, les naïves gaucheries, les révoltes, les câlineries de l'enfant et ses chairs fermes et roses, il en a cueilli le charme et exprimé le parfum. Tous ses personnages, il les met dans leur milieu de vie active, nullement immobilisés, poursuivant le geste interrompu par l'arrivée de peintre.

Alongside of Reynolds, Gainsborough is far more simple and natural—

Il se place en face de son modèle comme devant la nature. C'est le modèle qui pour chaque œuvre nouvelle lui fournit de nouveaux éléments pittoresques. Il voit de ses yeux ces demi-teints, ces reflets que Reynolds calcule à l'avance. . . Il se pénètre surtout des impressions nobles et pures du personnage posant devant lui, et, sans tromperie, il donne ainsi à toute œuvre sortie de son pinceau un caractère particulier de gravité idéale en même temps que de franchise. Gainsborough ne possède pas comme peintre toutes les perfections ; son dessin est mou et souvent négligé ; il traite habituellement les accessoires, les costumes, avec une largeur qui tient un peu de la manière décorative ; mais il est rare que sa couleur ne soit pas exquise.

Of Gainsborough's landscapes we read in the same strain of warm admiration—

L'expression des paysages est pleine de douceur, d'intimité discrète. Il n'y a point de grands effets de couleurs, les tons y sont peu nombreux, sans éclat, mais harmonieusement variés. Les moindres paysages donnent une idée très complète de son art, de l'intelligence profonde de la nature.

Each of our artists in turn, and in the order of the subjects which they handled, finds place in M. Chesneau's careful review, and the reader is reminded of particular characteristics in the style of the more prominent among them by the help of exceedingly clever illustrations, plentifully dispersed through his pages. Especially felicitous are such reproductions of the chief features of Morland, and the Cromes, of Gainsborough, Constable, and Turner. This last name arrests the pen of our critic with the naive remark, "*L'homme étrange que ce Turner!*" And then, like one carried along in irresistible sympathy with the wild genius of the painter himself, he continues :

Et comme il est bien fait pour dérouter et chagriner tous ceux qui n'admirent rien autant que la servilité de l'esprit chez un artiste. Ils font deux parts dans la vie de Turner, l'une de raison, l'autre de folie. Ils ne lui refusent pas quelque talent dans ses quinze premières années de production, c'est à dire pendant la période que l'artiste consacre à l'étude des procédés matériels. Mais alors que, de plus en plus sûr de son instrument, le peintre dans sa croissante ardeur s'attache à réaliser son idéal personnel, c'est le moment qu'ils choisissent pour l'exclure avec force lamentations, du domaine de l'art et le releguer dans le lazaret de l'extravagance. Turner n'a qu'une volonté, un rêve d'une audace prodigieuse : il veut fixer la lumière. . . . Il a reproduit les plus grands phénomènes de l'atmosphère dans les pays de brouillard. Toutes les magies, toutes les subtilités, toutes les splendeurs du rayonnement, l'une après l'autre, Turner les a abordées, tentées et réussies (il a parfois aussi éprouvé des défaites absolues). Il fut un artiste de génie trop rarement complet, mais souvent sublime.

In his short but excellent chapter on water-colour painting, M. Chesneau gives a still more detailed study of Turner's plan and method of work, and of that tender sympathy and wondrous power of expression which enabled him to reproduce nature in her every variety of form and colour.

The numerous admirers of our greatest of animal painters would feel that the book before us has cast almost a slur on Sir Edwin Landseer by the brevity of its notice. The few lines, however, devoted to him express a full and genuine appreciation of those qualities which stamp the perfection of his work in its own peculiar line. They shrewdly touch on the one point which weakened his otherwise truthful representation of animal life and character, when overstepping nature he sought to impart to these a half-human expression. They confirm to us a fact which the eye has only too readily perceived, that Landseer's landscapes

are beginning to fade away from the sight as though beneath a surface of fine grey powder. This sad fate has befallen many an English painting, as, for instance, the canvases of Wilkie. But it is evident that our masters in the art of genre, or domestic life, are too slavishly national, too simply English in the selection and treatment of their subjects to obtain more from our critic than a few lines of kindly meant but moderate praise respecting each one. Wilkie, who, along with Hogarth, Mulready, and Charles Leslie, stands at the head of the school, is perhaps the chief offender, for he adhered too closely to his own principle—

L'art, disait-il, ne doit reproduire que la nature et ne chercher que la vérité, et il était fidèle à ce principe. Il avait grandi au village, au village sa vocation s'était déclarée ; il peignit des villageois. Son esprit n'était nullement inventeur ; mais il était marqué à ce coin d'innocente causticité, de boutade rapide qu'on appelle l'*humour*, l'est ce qui donne un caractère piquant à ses compositions.

We need scarcely remark that the regrets of this French criticism are not very widely shared in by the fellow-countrymen of our most amiable and homely of humourists.

The small, but determined and enthusiastic group of men who claimed for themselves the questionable title of *Pre-raphaelites*, introduced the modern school of English painting. To the consideration of their principles, M. Chesneau has devoted somewhat disproportionate space. Doing full justice to their earnest love of their art, he lays his finger on their two most prominent mistakes :

Ils assignaient expressément à l'art un but de moralisation active. Ils prétendaient atteindre ce but, les uns, dans l'art historique, par la représentation des motifs ayant un caractère de précision et d'exactitude aussi minutieux que possible ; les autres, dans le paysage, par la reproduction fidèle des plus menus détails, des moindres particularités spéciales au site choisi par l'artiste et fourni par la nature. C'était, dans l'un et l'autre cas, dans le paysage et dans l'histoire, un système d'analyse microscopique poussé jusqu'au vertige. Par l'analyse ainsi entendue, ils voulaient réaliser, épouser étroitement le Vrai, principe et fin de toute morale. . . Il manque toujours à leur reproduction, pour être fidèle, l'aspect même du réel ; ils n'atteignent jamais à la réalité d'ensemble.

The other fault which he urges against the *Pre-raphaelites* is an equally strong point—

L'échafaudage de documents historiques qu'ils opposent à la convention, à l'invention même, en matière d'interprétation religieuse dans l'art, cet assemblage infini de détails précis s'écroule dès que l'un d'eux, un seul, peut être contesté. Vous voulez représenter les faits tels qu'ils se sont passés et vous invoquez la fidélité, la réalité absolue de cette représentation pour justifier l'ambition qui vous possède, celle d'éveiller dans l'âme du spectateur l'émotion profonde que la vue des faits eux-mêmes y aurait éveillée. Mais il suffit de cette prétention pour faire lever en nous l'esprit d'examen et de contrôle.

While Holman Hunt has remained faithful throughout to the principles with which he started, Millais, a greater and more varied painter, has passed forth from them. His transition state M. Chesneau describes as a critical moment when he was in danger of falling back into the vagueness of the old school, in which vigour, poetic sentiment, and elevated aspirations were alike wanting. But this danger once passed, the young artist advanced from one degree of excellence to another, till the fecundity of his talent has spread itself over every field of the painter's art, and in each has attained equal superiority. Following his steps into the domain of landscape, our writer finds that Millais has carried thither with full success "sa grande mobilité d'esprit," whether in rendering the ever-varied iridescence of the heavens, or in clothing his canvas with the dramatic melancholy of some green-mantled vine, or making it speak out the stern grandeur of mountain scenery, or the biting cold of October breezes.

In companionship with Millais stand two other names of painters having much akin with Pre-raphaelitism. Of these Madox Brown is described as able, above all other British artists, to awaken in us the deepest dramatic emotion, while Burne Jones is especially praised for the truth of his colouring, his power of conception and intensity of poetic feeling. Four well-executed illustrations present to us the wonderful versatility and grasp of Madox Brown's talent both in conception and treatment.

L'œuvre de M. Burne Jones [to quote M. Chesneau's own words], prend à mes yeux une importance considérable à raison de ceci, que l'artiste est le seul dont le très remarquable talent de compositeur, de dessinateur et de coloriste soit à la hauteur de ses conceptions poétiques. C'est le style, un style un peu tourmenté, qui fait le rare et exceptionnel mérite des trois compositions *Merlin et Viviane*, *l'Amour dans les ruines*, et *l'Amour docteur*.

Our space will only enable us to give M. Chesneau's further criticisms in brief allusions, sufficient to show his general feeling with respect to artists whose works are being constantly and freely criticized by spectators in almost his own words and sentiments. After Millais are placed Vicat Cole and Mr. John Brett in order of merit as painters of land and sea. With a slight difference of style M'Callum has succeeded in uniting precision of detail to greater breadth in general effect, by executing the central portion of his picture with especial minuteness, while the rest is passed over with a freer hand. Want of matter is implied as the reason for only a brief review of modern historical painting, so large a preference having been shown for subjects drawn from our national literature or from our great national dramatist. Yet without denying the latter fact, surely a certain number of historical pictures worthy of some notice have from time to time graced the walls of our Academy Exhibitions. In this class Sir Frederick Leighton and William Scott obtain first mention as worthy representatives of the high style, while much charm is found in Watt's painting of the nude, and in Mr. Long's treatment of a like subject. Briton Riviere is praised for his figure of Daniel in the lion's den, and Goodall for the grace imparted to Rachel in the midst of her flock.

In modern *genre* Erskine Nichol stands at the head in depicting the manners of his countrymen, and Orchardson is especially distinguished for skill and delicacy of expression, for the play of light and shadow, and for the gracefulness and excellence of his grouping. In remarking on Calderon's pictures exception is justly taken at the growing habit of adopting perfectly enigmatical titles or vague historical references which give but little enlightenment to the general spectator. The water-colour pictures of Frederick Walker prove a most tender sympathy with nature, and are marvels of grace, emotion, and delicate execution. Of younger English painters, E. J. Gregory is pronounced one whose future career it will be most interesting to follow in the versatility of his hand and his boldness in aiming at new effects. More important still is the vigorous masculine handling of his subject by Herbert Herkomer, whether in *genre* or portraiture. This closes the list of painters who have received marks of special approval, the branch of religious and devotional art has obtained no mention, because it has no existence amongst us as of English growth. For our last word

we are tempted to pass this criticism on our criticiser. He has pronounced the following sweeping verdict—

En Angleterre, depuis Turner, il n'y a pas eu de peintre de génie, je veux dire d'homme doué à un degré éminent des facultés d'émotion et de l'aptitude plastique particulière à cet art (du paysage).

Though freely acknowledging the truth and force of much that has been said respecting the defects both of our art and our artists, there has also been an undue tendency to deny to our painters in any branch of art the possession of gifts of a very high order, and the power to awaken very strong emotions in the breasts of those able to sympathize with their works. Would only that every one thus endowed were resolved to devote himself, heart and soul, to the obtaining greater perfection of colour and execution in his work, and to the higher development of the power within him.

JOHN G. MACLEOD.

My Aunt's Journal.

IT was early in the month of May, 187—, that, as I was sitting in my very comfortable chambers in the Temple, grumbling to myself about the east wind, which had been blowing for three weeks without intermission, wondering what had become of the springs of which the poets sang, and supposing that in other lands the month of May was a less penitential one than with us, when a ring at the door roused me, and the old dame who cleans my rooms and brings me the milk entered with a telegram.

I have got so used to this kind of missive that I never anticipate worse than to find that my friend has left his umbrella behind him and troubles me to send it on. I glanced, however, at the name of the sender, and saw an Italian name unknown to me. The context informed me that my dear Aunt Catherine had died at her villa at Naples, and that I was to go over at once to look after her effects.

It was a great shock to me. There was less difference in our respective ages than is common between aunt and nephew. I had been in the habit of looking upon her more in the light of an elder sister than as occupying the awe-inspiring position of aunt. She had married young and unhappily, and had been left a childless widow at five-and-twenty. We in the family had often been wondering Aunt Catherine did not marry again; and as she had a good fortune and was very good-looking, not to say lovely, her remaining alone did not arise from the absence of admirers. Her health was delicate, and for some years past she had established herself every winter at Naples, where I was told—for I had never seen it—she had hired a lovely villa, called the Villa Dante.

I was deeply grieved to think that my first visit there, after so many kind invitations, of which I had never been able to avail myself, should take place under such sad circumstances. And all the more so as I had not seen my aunt on her last

visit to England the year before her death, as I had been called away into Germany on important business. But I had no time to lose in reflections. I was to catch the night train to Dover, and hurry down to Marseilles without stopping above a few hours, and there I was to take the steamer direct to Naples.

Suffice to say, my journey and my short voyage were accomplished without much incident, and that in spite of being somewhat depressed by the cause of my errand I could not but delight in the wonderful beauty of the coast of Italy, of which we never lost sight; and that the aspect of Naples, surrounded by an amphitheatre of mountains with the blue gulf at her feet, and the morning sun shining on her many tinted edifices like a coronet of jewels, surpassed even my expectations.

The port was very crowded, and there were three or four English yachts, which showed conspicuously in their trim and spotless cleanliness. I reached the shore in a cranky little boat, while deafened by the clamours of the boatmen and the vociferations of the dirty multitude who welcomed me on land, nearly tearing me to pieces in their zeal to appropriate my luggage and convey it and me to the Custom House. That over, after a perfect storm of unintelligible dialect (for I flatter myself I can understand Italian on any other lips than those of a Neapolitan), I found myself sitting high in a gimcrack carrozzola, with my valise and hat box in imminent peril on the narrow seat in front of me, and a dare-devil of a coachman, aged about eighteen, with a scarlet carnation stuck jauntily behind his ear.

We drove rapidly away, jolting over very large slabs of uneven pavement, and after passing through an ancient arch and by a picturesque church with an attractive image of our Lady, which arrested my attention and somehow brought remembrances of Spanish architecture before my mind; and after winding round and round with ever-varied views of the city, and the gulf and Mount Vesuvius, we passed through an iron gate and began slowly to ascend a mountain side. A huge, smooth-cut rock formed a wall on my right hand, while to the left I could see the Corso, the fashionable row of palaces that constitute the Chiaja, the lovely public gardens that front the sea, and the coast of Posilipo and the heights of the Vomero, with its picturesque villas. The road up which we wound was planted with acacia trees and eucalyptus, and the borders

were bright with roses and red geraniums, the sloping banks were ablaze with the large bright crimson blossoms of the *mesembryanthemum*, while the walls of rock were covered with the purple blossoms of the *volubilis*. I could hardly realize in the midst of this gay scene of flowers and sunshine that I was approaching the house of death.

My aunt had been consigned to her last resting-place on the day after her decease, as is the universal custom in this country. But the house was just as she had left it; with her work, her drawings and her books still lying where she had laid them before the brief illness of forty-eight hours which had sufficed to close her gentle life. Her lawyer and her agent were awaiting me; and I then learnt for the first time that, except a few legacies to her servants and one more important bequest to another person, she had left everything to myself. It was some time before I could make up my mind to examine her papers. I found that she had been in the habit of keeping a journal. But the volumes were all marked as to be burnt unopened after her death. Some packets of letters were docketed in the same way. And, in short, there remained only one short manuscript, somewhat in the form of a brief diary, which could at all reveal to me the inner life, and the thoughts and feelings of the soul that had passed away so suddenly and yet so calmly and hopefully.

Years have come and gone since that, my first and last visit to Naples. Time has, however, only served to endear her memory to me, and I never cease to regret that the pen which traced the following incidents and reflections did not leave much more revelation of herself to satisfy the cravings of our affection, and to lift a little more the veil from a life spent in great solitude, but filled with pious thoughts, acts of charity, and a keen appreciation of all that is beautiful, whether in nature, literature, or art.

This is what I found; and I give it without altering a word.

Just as the sun was setting at the far end of a path of molten gold stretched across the sea, and the moon at the same moment was rising with broad silver disk out of a cleft in the mountains, Elizabeth and I reached Villa Gentile, near Vico Equense, in the month of April. I am glad we came. Mentally as well as physically I feel the benefit of complete change. We are so much the creatures of association that we

cannot always judge of our own state without first passing out of a series of daily habits and surroundings, and thus seeing how our souls look to us under a new aspect. A mist had seemed to come down from I know not whence, and clouded the general serenity of my daily life. I am anxious and pained at Emm's mysterious and lengthened silence. But at least I am calmer and more able to separate what is due to the facts of the case, and what is caused by a nervous and susceptible temperament. It is ten weeks since I received the last letter, and meanwhile changes of plan and destination have occurred, and a long voyage has been undertaken in a line of steamers that avoided the port of Naples. In mind and body both Emm was suffering when we last met, and when began all those efforts which gave a hope for some perhaps distant future; in my mind more than a faint hope, but still far from being realized. Thus, from the middle of December to the end of February all seemed to go well, although clouded by a sharp return of the old malady, and the death of a near relative. But since that date all has been wrapt in silence and mystery.

How often does it seem in life that a soul comes across our path to whom we become, almost without our deliberate choice, bound mysteriously to render service, always more or less at the expense of our own peace or comfort. The remembrance of that single soul, selected from the crowd of others, possibly better known and, naturally, more beloved, follows us everywhere, and for that one soul we are held to pray, labour, and suffer, perhaps for years.

Yesterday, when reading *La Correspondence d'André Ampère*, I came upon these words, "Le Monde des abstractions est le seul qui vaille la peine qu' on l'habite." I feel the truth and force of this. Every action, every emotion which necessarily brings you in contact with your fellows puts you in danger of the disquieting influence of human sentiments. On the other hand, without these human sentiments we should be useless to others and effect no good. For I have very little opinion of any work into which the heart does not largely enter. I hate machine work of all kinds. And it is doubly out of place where the work is to affect other hearts. Nevertheless, to work with the heart instead of only with the will takes a vast deal out of one, and introduces into the matter mixed motives and a constant strain upon oneself. Yet what does this matter? The Divine Master sees the intensity of zeal for an immortal soul, which is

the primary and fundamental principle, and in His omniscience attaches less weight than we in the moment of struggle and suffering can do, to the mere human anxiety springing from human weakness; the thoughts and imaginings, which are more accidental than lasting, and which perchance a mere change of place and the concomitant improved health suffice to disperse. With what patience we learn to treat ourselves! But the Sacred Heart is Human as well as Divine, and in our far off imitation of Its tenderness, the human pang as well as the superior and purely spiritual aspiration, is blent in one holocaust of suffering; and both shall be blameless! What bliss will it not be in Heaven to recognise the souls our prayers benefited while on earth. And to see upon them the refulgence of those graces, the gift of which to them God exacted through us in the throes of intercession.

April 16th.—The soft quivering light of a spring morning in Italy tempted Elizabeth and me out early. We crept down the steep banks of a rude path to the waveless sea, sleeping upon pale grey sands, and gleaming brightly over green rocks of seaweed. On the shore below Sejano is a tiny cove, where they are building boats. All the juvenile population and a few old women came out to look at us. We returned through the dry bed of a torrent, and then up a long and narrow lane, between walls hung with a perfect tapestry of ferns and flowers. Then again up some steep and broken steps, down which poured the overflowing and brightly sparkling waters of a fountain in the rock. At the commencement of our walk we had discovered a very small chapel just outside the garden gate of our villa; it was open and we went in. I had been looking across the deep ravine that lies between Sejano and Vico and fancying the Blessed Sacrament was as far off as the church of which I can see the dome and the campanile, crowned with a pointed structure of bright yellow tiles. What a difference in the atmosphere of one's daily life, the having the Blessed Sacrament close at hand or a mile off!

Evening in the Parish Church of Sejano.—The Creator is unlike man, who begins his work and then lays it aside, disgusted or forgetful. He is never indifferent to what proceeds from His own hands. I am His creature. Therefore I cannot be neglected, or even for a moment overlooked. He who made me sustains me; and preservation is the continuation of creation. I am nothing; I have nothing; I can do nothing. But from

the depths of my emptiness I know with absolute certainty that I am not a thing of chance or caprice, but have been called into being with all the deliberation and intention of the Eternal Godhead. I am valuable to God, even though I should be so to none else. What then is there to fear? Alas! so are others; and yet souls *are* lost: and there is cause for fear. But there is also no room for fear while we will what He wills.

Last night in my sleep I thought I saw Him; standing in the crowded thoroughfares of life; in His wonderful beauty, and His Divine and Human Majesty. He was taller by a great deal than His brethren. I saw them all crowding and rushing past. Most of them were looking on the ground at their feet, and seeing nothing of the gracious Presence near them. Emm was among them, and rushed by with unlifted eyes. Then I fell at the feet of my Beloved, and entreated Him to call aloud and cause Emm to pause, and see what I saw, and so be saved!

Holy Thursday.—I awoke in the night with those words on my lips, *Un et indivisible*. The Unity of God and the singleness of His Being for a moment seemed to sweep across my soul with a new intensity of perception. And then again I fell asleep.

As we were walking to church there was a beautiful white bull in the narrow street. He was tied with a very thin cord to a hook in the door-sill of a house, and by his side was a lovely white cow with Juno's eyes, also tied. Both were crowned with fresh garlands of box. They looked as if they were decked for sacrifice; as indeed they were for slaughter, poor patient beasts! They reminded me of the Indian sacred bull and cow in the Zoological Gardens in London, only they were less surpassingly beautiful.

We visited several of the sepulchres at Vico, and one amused us by its very original form of decoration. The church was perfectly dark. I had to wait some minutes before I dared take one step inside the door, for I could not see whether I was stepping into a group of human beings or down a precipice. At length I could discern enough to make my way to the sepulchre. It was adorned with flowers, of course, and also with glass bottles of all sizes and shapes, contributed no doubt from all the dinner-tables in the little town. There was cut crystal and blown glass. There were slim, small-waisted bottles, and burly bottles of comfortable rotundity. There were long-necked, and there were little dumpy bottles, like two-year-old babies;

attenuated bottles, like ancient maiden ladies in skimping attire; and there were bloated bottles, like old men who had loved too much wine. A devout chemist, no doubt one of the principal men in the place, had contributed for the plenishing of each bottle the usual purple, red, green, and yellow liquids, which, indicative of important chemicals inside, usually brighten up a chemist's shop-front. Behind each bottle thus filled was placed a tumbler of oil with a floating wick. And really the effect was very pretty, though the idea was quaint. And why not? All beauty and light and colour belong to Him from whom they are. It was really too pretty and graceful to cause even a smile. It was only on thinking of the origin that the combination struck one as odd: but also as touching.

Good Friday.—There stands a white church far up on the mountain behind Vico, quite alone. No house is to be seen near it. I had long, in years gone by, wished to visit it, and divined from its position that it must be Franciscan. We hired donkeys, and determined to go. We soon turned up from the main road into narrow mountain paths, between olive gardens; and came from time to time on little white cottages with large orange and lemon gardens around them, all unenclosed, and with patches of vegetables cultivated beneath the trees. It is a bad and steep road great part of the way; in short, nothing better than an ill-kept mule-walk, with very high broken steps to clamber up, and of which my donkey, who was small, did not approve. The Campo Santo is at the back of the Church of St. Francis; and it is up a true *via dolorosa* that they carry their dead from the neighbouring towns and villages. It is very large, and intensely melancholy; being full of small black crosses, which alone mark the resting-place of each nameless corpse. No flowers are there; no tokens from the living to the dead. The three glaring white walls, and the rough and tangled grass, are all that meet the eye, save row after row of black crosses a foot and a half in height, just planted to show that the space is occupied. The church is large, and so is the monastery—now nearly deserted. The lay-brothers were preparing the altar for to-morrow. The worshippers must be few. Up from the town below tolled the hour of three, the hour when the world's great tragedy came to an end, when a curtain of thick darkness closed upon the scene as its Divine Victim bowed His head, and said, "It is consummated!" What a silent sense of relief passes over us when the hour has struck. The very air seems lighter, though still

solemn and sad. The clouds were letting down soft grey veils over the mountain-tops, and then folding them back again with a smile of sunshine, and carrying them lower down, or higher up, to work the same magical effect again. The sun made great dazzling dashes of light on a smooth grey sea, which near the shore became a brilliant and metallic blue fringed with white; and murmuring with the rippling laughter of the baby waves. Dogs rushed out to bark at us, but ran away as we approached. Dark-browed women stooped over the sill of upper windows, their large gold ear-rings glittering in the light. And black-eyed infants stood in rows to see us pass, their chubby little feet naked in the warm dust. And here and there we came upon an orange-grove—a green heaven hung with golden spheres. A very garden of the Hesperides within closed walls. On the mountain-slopes, amid the olives, were cherry-trees covered with blossom, whose white flakes lay on our path, spring's sweet mimicry of winter's snow.

We came into the house. Cool and silent. The heart makes but little noise when it beats its hardest. No! There are no letters. And the evening closed in gloom, to nature and to me.

Holy Saturday.—I went to the parish church for High Mass after the ceremonies of Holy Saturday were over. The women were coming out of the church with jugs of the newly-consecrated holy water. Many of them were drinking it. One boy in the porch filled his mouth eagerly, and spat it out again with great vehemence, looking round with an aggrieved air, as though he thought he had been taken in, and that it ought to have been sweet instead of salt. The by-standers were scandalized, and kept exclaiming, *È aqua santa*. I thought, how like he was to the people who expect in a life of piety to find it all sugar-plums, and who turn away disheartened and disgusted when the bitter waters of the supernatural open their sluices on the naked and shrinking soul.

The priests chanted the Litany of the Saints. The young girls of the congregation undertook the chief responsibility of making the replies. There were two especially who were conspicuous for their efforts, one in each aisle, who acted as fugelmen to the others. The one on my side of the church sat close behind me, so that her voice came forth between my shoulders, and quivered all down the joints of my spine, until I felt vertigo was seizing me. The one on the opposite side kept glancing at

my persecutor to see that she kept it up well. At last I was obliged to move, as I was growing giddy and faint with the effect on my nerves.

A crowd of small urchins, varying from three years and a half to six, knelt inside the sanctuary, squatting on their heels. They kept making inroads upon the officiating priests, the master of the ceremonies at the altar from time to time warning them off. Then the little beggars retreated for a few seconds, but the priest's attention being called in another direction, they crept back again, always on their knees, to be again roughly repulsed. It was a perpetual incursion of the Goths and Vandals, or of the ever-recurring Volsci, while from time to time a small barbarian would take it into his merry head to cross the sanctuary from end to end upon his knees in truly penitential style, only very rapidly. Sometimes they all stood up, for the whole band acted in concert with remarkable *esprit de corps*, though I in vain endeavoured to detect the ringleader.

Then the inevitable end of white shirt was seen all along the standing row, depending from the inevitable hole in the bulging little trowsers. But from first to last they remained masters of the situation, and on the whole the officiating clergy had decidedly the worst of it. Most of the children of the congregation had brought a small bell hanging to a chain, with which they loudly and vehemently contributed to the general ringing at the *Gloria*, when all the bells of all the churches are set going at once. The jingle inside the church responded to the deep bells outside, and at that crisis an unhappy sparrow was let loose from a cage by a small boy partially concealed behind the festive drapery of the sanctuary. Again another sparrow was released at the time of the Elevation, and naturally all heads were turned to watch the poor little creature's flight, a captive still, beating against the windows of the church.

It shocked me in sentiment, just as does that otherwise lovely picture by Raffael, where the Holy Infant is represented as playing with a poor fluttering gold-finch, tied by a string round its leg, which the little St. John Baptist has brought Him. Mass was commenced with a curtain lowered over the upper part of the altar, just above the priests' heads. This was suddenly drawn up as the bells began to ring, and revealed an image of the *Christo Risorto*. A few men and boys received Holy Communion, and several women, the men going up first.

No one knelt at the altar-rails, but crowded into the sanctuary, and knelt on the altar-steps; a custom universal here, and leading to much pushing and scrambling. Mass lasted about an hour. But a great many people had left the church before it was over. They had no doubt heard an early Mass, and been present at the ceremonies of Holy Saturday; and some had their household duties to attend to.

I made many sapient reflections on the blending of civilization with Christianity; and I wondered how long the country priests of this beautiful land will go on treating the people as though they were never to pass, mentally and intellectually, out of the fold of childhood. They alone have the true and most powerful engine for mental development in their hands. And though an emotional reception of religious truth is sufficient for many people, and has carried its thousands and tens of thousands on the wings of the sacraments within the gates of Paradise, nevertheless there are obvious advantages in its being allied with intellectual appreciation and real knowledge. It is everywhere a question of degree. But to keep the poor always fed upon flowers, and colours, and *feux de joie*, and feastings, as symbolic of a faith which they are but too apt to receive as a secondary consideration, is to perpetuate a nation of mere children without their innocence; easily tempted, easily subverted, and less moral than devout; such as are the southern Italians. It was wise and it was necessary to lay hold of the old Pagan practices, and admitting their symbolic and mystical tendency, to adapt them to the expression of the perfect Truth. Far from thinking with many that old pagan rejoicings having entered partially, at least, into Christian and Catholic usages is any argument against the latter, I am always deeply impressed by the fact that the former was the shadow cast before of coming events, and testified to the rudiments of truths which are and ever have been universal, because they are eternal. That those foreshadowed truths should have been overlaid with error of the grossest kind is only to repeat the fact that man has fallen, and that he carries the water of life in broken vessels. Had paganism been pure, and true to the truths it represented, it would not have been paganism, but rather the dawning of light waiting for the perfect day. These reflections are, however, due to prolonged residence in the southern parts of Italy. I am always observing the great difference that exists between other Italians and the inhabitants of Naples and its environs, as

also of Sicily. Surely the first parents of Naples were Parthenope and a Triton! There is a curious absence of all remains in the character of the people of the northern and German element which we might expect would be conspicuous. They are Greeks without the Attic salt. They have the Greek pleasure-loving characteristics; the strong feeling for colour which a warm climate engenders; and that indescribable something which keeps them in almost dangerous harmony with the beautiful external world in which they live, not through the medium of the imagination (a quality in which they are remarkably deficient), but because sunshine and heat, external beauty and colour, have sunk so deep into their physical nature that a pantheistic tendency seems to be unconsciously born in them. It is quite otherwise with the sedate and grave Roman, the industrious Lombard, and the artistic Tuscan. The greater natural dignity in them is both imparted and sustained by the superior way in which the services of the Church are conducted. It is only in the far south, and again only in quite rural districts, that the innocent eccentricities I witnessed would be found. Nor does their presence at all prevent the important fact that amidst what to our northerners is only misplaced noise, and what seems irreverence, there is real faith, and much true and solid devotion, joined to a familiar confidence in the intercession of our Lady and the goodness of God which might afford a lesson to us all.

We had a delightful drive in the afternoon to Castelamare. to take the train to Naples. And there I spent the remainder of the day in preparing the chapel for Easter Sunday. The day rose in the light and glory of the Italian spring, and it takes a great deal to make one sad and dull on such a day. Ought one not to be ashamed to confess that one reached the required measure for producing so undesirable a result? I spent the evening with some friends; and so many came to wish Easter joy to our dear hostess, that the large reception-room was quite full of guests. And there, amidst the hum and chatter of a crowd, words were addressed to me that woke my painful fears and apprehension about Emm.

What a mask we can wear, and quite easily too! taking it off and putting it on equally with a smile. How we can respond and repeat in bland accents, between the bars of a valse, or the stanza of a song, a question the answer to which will leave a dagger in the heart!

Doubt is the little rift within the lute
Which by-and-bye will make the music mute,
And ever widening, slowly silence all.

The evening party came to an end, and I went home anxious and saddened. And now ensued a long series of letters and telegrams, though all outside the question that had specially filled me with concern. The result of them was to hurry my departure for England. There was something I might be able to do if only I were on the spot. And so preparations were made for a rapid journey. Long shall I remember those warm days of early May, in all the exquisite tenderness and sparkling beauty of an Italian spring! I spent them chiefly alone, and seemed to be living three lives. There was the life there, under those blue skies, with the deeper blue ripple of the sea glancing through the dark foliage of the pines and the feathery foliage of the pepper trees. Every evening the opposite coast became of a brilliant amethyst colour, changing into topaz, above an opal sea. My rooms were full of the scent of orange blossom; my little garden resembled a large basket filled to the brim, and dripping over with flowers. The solitary bee, clad in black velvet, and looking as grand and noble as any grave burgo-meister painted by Rubens, slowly flew from blossom to blossom, with a grave sonorous hum. The little lizards ran in and out of the crevices in the wall, their beautiful sad eyes unblinking in the hot sun, and the quivering, palpitating little heart within shaking its whole frame. My green canary hung in his cage from the centre of the first arch of the *pergola*, now covered with the vivid green of the young vine leaves, and through the open doors I heard his joyous trill; it came to me wafted on the scent of the tender shoots of the fig-trees in the garden below. My unfinished painting of a peasant's hut in the Campagna Felix awaited the last touches, but my hands were idle because my heart was too busy.

My second life lay in the far West, on the banks of the Mississippi, in a large quaint convent, built chiefly of wood, and with a church attached to it, a farm-yard close by, a well-stocked garden, many flowers for the altar, and some grand old trees spared by the recent settlers. Green meadows are all around, where the kine feed knee deep in the rich herbage, "forty feeding as one," and where you hear the mighty river whispering along its banks amid the reeds and sedges that kiss its limpid surface. How often tolls that convent bell! The Angelus, the

Hours, the various calls to each of the little group of devoted women who are the friends, the teachers, and the guides of all the country round. Three young girls, full of ardour, full of the talents required specially for missionary work in a new country, ingenuous, active, brightly pious, as the children of St. Francis always must be, were professed on the first of this month of May. And there lay before me the letter assuring me beforehand how much I, and those I love, would be in their thoughts and prayers on that happy occasion. It was addressed to me by the large-hearted Mother Superior, the person in the world who best knows me, the person in the world I best love with that unearthly affection which has nothing to do with time or distance, and which needs no frequent or further intercourse for it to remain ever the same, externally apart in this life, but counting on the day when we shall meet in eternity, with the same love and the same intercourse, perfected, and for ever.

My third life is amid the still remaining damps and fogs of chilly England, where the north-east wind still holds his own through the "Merry, merry month of May," alas! And that, too, specially in London, where the season is now in full swing. How many are there at this moment whom I love, who by one tie or another belong to me, and to whom nevertheless I am so little bound! And somewhere amid the tortuous streets of London, in one of those brown-faced houses unknown to me, is Emm, on whose account I am leaving Italy and hurrying home, that I may perhaps aid in obtaining what may after all be got at the risk of life.

I spent the evening before our departure alone, feeling very dead to all around me. The charm of this beautiful place has faded out of my heart like a forgotten melody. And yet the sentiment with which I foresee my return to England is like the red glare that has lately every night crowned the summit of Vesuvius, full of sinister presentiment.

We left the house at half-past five a.m. Only the fishermen and the peasantry were as yet stirring. The women were hanging the clothes to dry on the low sea wall at Posilipo. The lemonade stalls had just been put out, and the fresh branches of the plane-trees arching over them were enlivened by the gold blossoms of the *plante à genêt*, the wild broom sacred to Boccaccio and the Decameron. The large purple acacia had shed its flowers through the night on the paths of the Villa Reale, and the marble statues gleamed white in the

early sunshine as they stood in the midst of the yellow flags that fill the circular basins. Especially I noticed that poor Sabine lady for ever struggling to elude her captor's grasp, the heedless sunshine sparkling on white, reluctant limbs, but who, so history tells us, will greatly prefer in the end her second and more determined husband. It is a story old as the hills from which it dates. In the Piazza Vittoria the crimson saponaria makes a full-blossomed carpet at the foot of the grand, old, solitary palm. We turn up the Strada di Chigia, and even the butchers have hidden the horrors of raw meat beneath fresh foliage and dewy flowers. The men and boys on their way to work stop at the lemonade stalls for a draught of sulphur or iron water, as a preservative against fever, now the hot weather is beginning.

The shops are still closed, but the streets are full of people. Suddenly I perceive an exquisite perfume in the air, a thing to which certainly the ill-famed city of Naples is unaccustomed. I look out eagerly to see from whence it comes, and there close to the carriage is a cart filled as high as possible with large baskets full of orange blossoms, closely packed, and going to be converted into *eau de fleur d'orange*.

At the port a crowd of men were unloading coals from black barges into black carts. But as each dusky load was completed and sped upon its way it was covered over with a heap of freshly cut clover for the horse, and so wore quite a festive appearance, like Pluto crowned with the flowers Persephone was gathering, "herself a fairer flower," when she "by gloomy Dis was fathered." I see baskets of ripe cherries carried on the heads of ragged, bare-legged urchins, who are taking them to the market. Why, before leaving Naples, have I had no *compote de cerises*? It has been an omission on the part of my cook (whom I left weeping), which my English garden will not repair for another month and more. All the same I am not sorry to cease from those monotonous green peas, which I have been swallowing ever since January.

There is the sound of the horn! A puff and a groan, and we are soon out in the country in the balmy air of morning, with all nature dressed in smiles. The sun is still low enough to line the inner edge of the leaves and the blades of grass, while it flares full upon the crowds of large scarlet poppies that run up and down the banks of the railway and in among the furrowed corn like living flames, but brighter than flame, and bringing

more to my mind, in a floral and poetic way, "the blood that is the life thereof." We pass by patches of flax in pale blue blossom, and each patch is curtained off by the tresses of the vine trailed from tree to tree. Next to the blue flax comes the deep crimson lucern. O Nature! what a colourist thou art!

From amid the trefoil stands up, scantily, the bearded wheat. Then come white lentils, and the odorous bean, and the homely potato. This spade husbandry delights me. It is so redolent of the hand of man. It is a living lyric of his home life, his daily requirements, his patient industry, illuminated by the natural trust in the future; the assurance that the good sun will not cease to shine, nor the tender cloud forget to bring "fresh showers to the thirsty earth."

Presently we come to larger fields of corn; and I see two women standing up to their hips on the green wavy mass. They wear scarlet bodices and the white folded kerchief on their heads, looking themselves like gigantic flowers. Here we soon lose the highly cultivated lands, for we are getting beyond the Campagna Felix, and we come on tumbled ground and great plains, with grey rocks cropping up from amid the scant herbage. There was a herd of swine, large enough to be that belonging to the Gerasens; only there was no sea for them to run into, and they did not look possessed a bit more than the little swine herd who sat on a rock and watched them.

In the background rose blue tinted mountains fading off into the white clouds, and a rugged spur would intrude its crenolated sides far into the lowland, and show shadows of deep violet and dark ashen grey in the middle distance. Here and there would be a pile of huge boulders decked with broom and gay with bright green undergrowth. They looked so smiling in the sunshine as though pleased at their own gaudy attire; and I said to them, "You are beautiful only, but the stunted grass feeds the pigs."

Then we came upon "arches upon arches" of mulberry trees, the white mulberry for the food of the silkworms, and which is very insipid and sickly to our taste. Presently, as we draw nearer Rome, the small railway stations become more animated; women stand by the carriage windows, with fresh eggs and oranges to sell. The undulating Roman Campagna unrolls its many-tinted map, and a ruin crowns every eminence. We flit past the tombs of the nameless dead who thought to survive in bricks and mortar, and which, treacherous to their memory,

though broken, have long outlasted the faintest trace of those they were intended to commemorate. There on the height above, amid chesnut groves stands Æneas' little city of Lavinia, and where I saw many years ago the house once occupied by the exiled members of the royal house of Stuarts. And here are the Alban Hills! Now the stately lines of the old aqueducts fascinate the eye with their varied monotony. And lo! looking as if it stood alone on a raised plain, is the Mother of all the Churches, St. John Lateran; and the gigantic saints on the portico stand out against the pale green and yellow sky of departing day. And behold, we are in Rome.

But there is no time to drink of the "Aqua Felice" of the Holy City, and which in former days used to seem to me more soothing than all the waters of Lethe. The iron dragon hurries us forward, we travelling, as it were, in the knots of his tail, while his damp breath flows over our heads in a long pennant of white steam. He shrieks and roars all through the murky night. He carries us into the very bowels of the earth, while great snow-capt mountains heave above us. We hear him panting hoarsely, and helpless and resigned we turn to snatch a little uneasy rest in dreamland.

We dispute the third place of our *coupé lit* with an intruder. And I, knowing that in either case we shall be courteously left in peace, boldly inquire if he be an American or an Englishman. Alas! he is neither, only an Italian nobleman; and so he stands upon his rights, or rather sits upon his seat, and sleeps upon his *dormeuse*, and even smokes a cigar without asking leave. Later on, the same thing occurs again. But this time it is a fair-faced Britisher, whose servant is piling cloaks and rugs and a hat box on the third seat of our *coupé*. But no sooner does the gentleman find out that he may be *de trop*, than he hastily vanishes, with an amiable smile, and is seen no more.

We reach Paris at five in the morning, and drive through the awakening streets to the hotel. "Are there any letters?" "None."

It is a little word. There are many such. There is "last" and "lost" and "never." They are short to speak, but long to remember. And sometimes they pierce the heart like a shot; which no surgeon's skill will ever discover, and which will go down into the grave with us, an unhealed wound, until we shall pass into the balmy light of eternity and bathe in the waters of life.

The day of explanations arrived at length, and passed off in peace. Is, then, all over? Is anything over in this life that has ever really begun? Is there any past which goes off and leaves no trace, though, maybe, we hardly detect it? Whether it be success or failure, or the dead languor of long delay that succeeds the energy of effort, can we point to anything that becomes as if it had never been? Believe me, my friends, it never was if it really ceases to be. The form may be changed, alas! it may be the very reverse of what it once seemed; but be quite certain it is there. Pile up the years upon it; pour the wine of life and strew the flowers of pleasure over the grave you have dug. But the grave is there, and beneath the sod the faithful and commemorative earth is hiding a skeleton in her cold bosom, which is what is left of your dead hope, or your vain endeavour. Whatever occurs in the walk of life which brings an interest or a sentiment into the sphere of your existence is like the clue of thread you unroll through the mazes of the labyrinth. It twists and turns, but it never comes to an end. Moral and mental phases and their influence on circumstances do not wind up and get put away in real life as they do in the third volume of a novel. We cannot pack up our memories and lay them on a shelf, and never take them down but when we please. What we have once touched sticks to us. What we have evoked stalks on, and will not be laid again. It may grow dim, it may alter, it may succeed, or it may fail, but it will not die. Life and its circumstances is a theme in "lengthened sadness long drawn out." And our memories are like Frankenstein and his animated statue, our companion or our scourge on to the end, and whether we will or no.

If then we live for others in wide, far stretching sympathies, we shall be sowing grain which is never lost. Ingratitude, and a dull inappreciation we shall indeed be made acquainted with. And worse still, false motives and unreal sentiments may be imputed to our actions. It does not matter. We are not expecting our harvest in this world, and therefore we cannot be disappointed. To us the variableness and inclemency of the world's weather signifies nothing.

The perusal of this manuscript had a great effect upon me at the time. It lifted the veil from the sweet, silent, and patient life of one whom I had generally thought of as a bright and

cheerful, if not a happy woman. But I failed to make any guesses about it all. And after a time I ceased to think of it. I was made a happy man by the little fortune aunt had left me, because it enabled me to marry the dear girl I had long loved. And I knew that the other legatee, though he did not marry, was a great gainer by the comparatively small sum she had bequeathed to him.

About two years after my Aunt Catherine's death, I had gone into the Brompton Oratory to attend Benediction on my way from chambers to my home. My attention was attracted by seeing Captain C—— in the row of seats before me, evidently absorbed in prayer. I knew him very slightly, chiefly as being my aunt's legatee next to myself. I had heard him always spoken of as a very gentlemanly fellow, and an excellent officer. But I had reason to know he was not a very strict Catholic; and certainly he was one of the last men I expected to see as an exceedingly devout worshipper on a week day Benediction at the Oratory.

On leaving the church we met at the door, and he stopped me with a cordiality of manner I had never known in him before.

He told me, rather suddenly, and to my intense surprise, that he was on the point of joining the Benedictine Order. And then he spoke of my aunt in terms of the greatest and most affectionate reverence. As he spoke of her, and of himself in connection with her, the recollection of the fragment found among her papers suddenly rushed into my mind. He said how much he owed to her prayers, but always as a benefit derived after her departure. The tears came to his eyes as he dwelt on the certainty that she had been his best friend, although while she was living he had not yielded to her good influence as he was now, he hoped and believed, about to do. He parted from me with the promise of letting me know if he succeeded in his vocation; and went away full of a cheerful hope about the austere future that was before him which filled me with admiration and almost envy.

In due time I heard from him. His letter was a charming one. It was signed Father Ambrose, O.S.B. And I need hardly tell my readers that Captain C——, Father Ambrose, and the Emm of my aunt's journal, are one and the same person.

A. MONTGOMERY.

Reviews.

I.—HISTORICAL PORTRAITS OF THE TUDOR DYNASTY.¹

THE publication of the fourth volume of the *Historical Portraits* completes the work and enables us to deal with it as a whole. It may be described as a popular contribution to that period of English History which it professes to illustrate, full of detail, of amusing anecdotes, and of quaint illustrations of the men and women of the time. It must have cost its author much patient research, and we are glad to be able to compliment him upon the completion of his laborious undertaking.

The writer of these volumes tells us that he has assumed the task of bringing before the English reading public the actors and facts of a most momentous epoch in the history of Britain. In the course of his four volumes he has collected a large amount of curious information respecting nearly every character of any importance, for good or evil, from the accession of Henry the Eighth to the death of Queen Elizabeth. He does not profess to write a work which is to be constructed upon a scientific basis, nor does he permit himself to be trammelled by a strict attention to chronology. He aims rather at throwing together from all available sources a series of historiettes, not held together by any necessary sequence; and he proposes by means of this comparative freedom of selection and treatment to produce a kind of national portrait gallery which shall enable us to obtain truthful likenesses of the leading actors in the great event which we call the English Reformation. The idea is a good one, and in many points is well calculated to accomplish the end at which it aims. It will attract many readers from the class of those who would shrink from reading a work of a more scientific character. It brings together facts, stories, and traditions in pleasing disarrangement, and dispenses with the

¹ *Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty and the Reformation Period.* By S. Hubert Burke. 4 vols. London, 1879—1883.

necessity of keeping the attention fixed upon any previous statement, argument, or conclusion. From these very circumstances it is probable that these volumes have contrived to obtain a hearing in many quarters where a graver statement of the same facts would have been denied admission. As such they may have helped to dispel some of the numerous fallacies and prejudices with which our history is encumbered, and may have tempted the reader to pursue an inquiry, of which it may be hoped that the result will be the recognition of a long neglected truth.

We cannot but regret, however, that the author of these volumes permitted himself to deal so lightly with much of the important material which passed through his hands during the period of their compilation. He has had access to documents which seem to be of the highest value, and which, after he has exhibited them for a moment, he has thoughtlessly withdrawn from our notice before we have had leisure to examine them. Mr. Burke has succeeded in stimulating our curiosity without satisfying it, by the way in which he cites many authorities for which we have sought elsewhere, but in vain. In all humility we confess our ignorance of several writers who have supplied him with some of the most curious facts which are recorded in these volumes. Why not tell us, for example, where we can find the work of "Carlo Logario, a Spanish physician, who resided many years in London, and was well acquainted with the monastic hospitals, of whose excellence he speaks highly in the pages of his *Diary*"? (ii. 118). Where is this *Diary* to be seen? Whoever he was, he seems to have been in Wolsey's service, and upon familiar terms with Bishop Latimer. He attended Sir William Compton, who died in 1528, and whose deathbed he described as a very sad spectacle at the close of a profligate life (iii. 40, 209).

There is another writer of whom we should like to know something more than Mr. Burke has thought it necessary to tell us. We are tantalized by frequent references to one Thorndale, of whom we read (ii. 120) that he "was a Flemish architect, who resided many years in England, and subsequently printed his little black letter book in Brussels. He wrote with admirable brevity, and gathered many valuable facts bearing upon the destruction of the monastic houses, and being an architect and antiquarian himself, he felt a special interest in the sad fate of the churches, abbeys, and libraries. He was personally

acquainted with Anna Boleyn, Thomas Wyatt, and Lord Percy; Cromwell, Layton, Loudon, and others of the Inquisitors, whom he met in Archbishop Cranmer's dining-hall. Of Cranmer's hospitality and benevolence Thorndale speaks in glowing terms. "To Thorndale," continues Mr. Burke, "I am indebted for much of my information concerning the character of the Monastic Inquisitors, whose infamous lives are yet unpublished. The real name of this author was Dominic Baptist Julian Cricitelli, the grandson of a physician of that name who resided in Mantua about the close of the fifteenth century. Thorndale, the author, died in 1560." A writer who possessed such exceptional advantages must have chronicled many facts worth knowing. Accordingly we find Thorndale recording a conversation between Cromwell and Layton, in which the former swore "by the sweet face of the Virgin Mother" that he did not believe what the latter said concerning many of the nunneries" (ii. 89). He has preserved an account of how "Dr. Loudon and Dean Layton received a severe personal chastisement at Shaftsbury from half a dozen young nuns, who beat them soundly with their sandals" (ii. 97). Mr. Burke has enjoyed the privilege of reading this work, and we long to share the pleasure along with him. We could multiply quotations of the same racy character, but the anecdotes which are given above are sufficiently interesting to warrant our anxiety to become acquainted with this precious black letter volume printed at Brussels.

Of the same interesting character is "Griffin's Chronicle, a very scarce Black Letter Book," an author who tells us that he was acquainted with all the Commissioners appointed by Henry the Eighth to visit the monastic houses, and who expresses his opinion about them in very decided language (ii. 89, 221). And who will point out to us where we can have the privilege of reading a little book printed at Brussels in 1560, bearing the title of "English Matrons in the Tower and on the Scaffold," of which the author was Sister Varney, one of the exiled nuns of Shaftsbury? (ii. 179). Several other authorities of exceptional interest might be added to this list, but those which have already been quoted are sufficient for the purpose for which we have cited them. They justify the remark that Mr. Burke would have added to the interest as well as to the value of his volumes had he been more careful in giving more exact references to the authorities on which

they are founded. We live in an age which is inclined to be sceptical, and the author of these volumes has seriously weakened their value by adopting a method of quotation which is open to grave objections. Should his work reach a second edition, we venture to recommend him to correct a fault which at present prevents these volumes being accepted as recognized historical authority.

2.—EVENINGS WITH THE SAINTS.¹

Evenings with the Saints is a pleasant book to have by one. Over and above its immediate purpose of supplying us with a freshly written and interesting book for spiritual reading, it gives us many facts not so generally known, as few have either the leisure or the opportunity to hunt them up.

This is the more acceptable, as there are many saints whose names we hear so often that we hardly realize how very little we ourselves really know about them, while at the same time we scarcely know where to turn for the precise information we want. It is not every one who knows, for instance, that the island ever memorable in history as the scene of the captivity and death of Napoleon, was named after a pious Empress, who is prepared to give much information about St. Helena herself. So, too, the name of St. Geneviève is almost as familiar to us as that of Paris itself, but in spite of this familiarity it is not every one who would relish any Socratic interrogation about her and her connection with Paris. And to come nearer home, how many amongst us know where precisely to find the means of clearing up the uncertainties which hang about our own St. George? In these matters Father Anderdon comes to our assistance, and, by way of example, we cannot do better than reproduce a few lines which Father Anderdon quotes from Ribadeneira, explaining the origin of much of the obscurity which has come to hover about one of the best known names in the East or West.

“Among other things whereby heretics have endeavoured to obscure the glory of the Saints, and the brightness of the Catholic Church, fone hath been, to write the lives of some renowned martyrs of our Lord, and interlace them so with fables and prodigious tales, that those who

¹ *Evenings with the Saints.* By W. H. Anderdon, S.J. London: Kegan. Paul, Trench, and Co., 1883.

read them may think them incredible, and judge those whose lives are thus written, neither to have been Saints, nor any ways worthy to be held for such. This the Sixth Synod doth testify, commanding such books not to be published or read, but to be burnt. The same also appears by a decree of Pope Gelasius, which he made, concerning apocryphal books; 'which in the Roman Church,' saith he, 'are not to be read, because heretics composed them;' and amongst such books he reckoneth the martyrdom of St. George. . . . For which reason," continues Ribadeneira, "I had once determined to leave out St. George's life." This wholesome fear [adds Father Anderdon] taught him to select out of these lives only what appeared to be certain, and of edification. In the facts, therefore, which follow, we need not apprehend anything adverse either to the orthodox faith, or to historic probability.

But for the facts we must refer the reader to the volume itself.

But it is not only well-known names that one meets with in Father Anderdon's entertaining *Evenings*, he has also rescued more than one Christian hero and heroine from undeserved obscurity, obscurity among ourselves more or less complete. In days like our own, when a very proper feeling of disgust and horror is felt for all that is coarse and brutal, there are few names which should stand higher in the estimation of all right thinking men than that of the monk Telemachus, who by the noble sacrifice of his own life put an end for ever to the gladiatorial murders which continued for years to disgrace the public festivities of the partially Christianized Roman Empire. Imperial edicts failed to check the mad passion of the populace, and Father Anderdon tells with much vivid description the final scene, when the lonely foreign monk accomplished what the Cæsars had aimed at in vain.

The various states and conditions of life from which Father Anderdon is enabled to draw his examples, is not a little instructive as to the far-reaching influence of Catholic teaching. Soldiers and writers, Emperors and domestic servants, show us by their lives how the lessons of the Divine Founder of Christianity, lessons intended for every rank and condition of life, have been really learnt and put into practice by every rank and condition of life. And this gives a solid value to the happy literary amplification with which the story of their lives and deeds is put before us in these very entertaining *Evenings with the Saints*.

3.—THE LEOFRIC MISSAL.¹

The Delegates of the Clarendon Press certainly deserve great praise for undertaking and bringing out their carefully executed reprint of the Leofric Missal.

This interesting relic of the Anglo-Saxon Church has a special claim to our attention, because it is one of the three surviving Missals known to have been in daily use by that Church. Bishop Leofric, the donor of the Missal to the Cathedral Church of Exeter, obtained Papal sanction to remove his episcopal see from Crediton to Exeter in 1050.

Though there is some difficulty in fixing the precise date of the three distinct portions which combine to make up the Missal as it now exists, it seems most probable that the largest portion (distinguished in the present reprint as "Leofric A"), consisting of 262 pages out of a total of 377, was written in the north of France, early in the tenth century. The second portion, Leofric B, is an English calendar, conjecturally written at Glastonbury about the end of the same century. Leofric C contains a number of collects, secrets, and "complenda" (*i.e.* postcommunions), for various Masses, amongst which is a set for the feast of the Conception of our Lady. But the Editor is mistaken in supposing that the insertion of this feast necessarily "implies a date later than the institution of this festival in 1067," as the age of this portion of the Missal. As a matter of fact, though, as the Editor says in a foot-note, the observance of the feast did not become *obligatory* till a later date, the feast itself had been observed for centuries previously to this date. In the East, the feast is mentioned in the Typicon of St. Sabas (who died in 531), and it was introduced into Spain by St. Ildephonsus of Toledo about 650. There was nothing to prevent the compiler of the Leofric Missal from inserting this Mass with the same sanction which was sufficient for other individual Churches before the feast became obligatory for the whole Church, and consequently his argument from implication is rather weak and inconclusive.

With the Leofric Missal before him, the Editor observes that the student will be able by comparisons to trace the gradual alteration which took place in the Canon of the Mass. But it would be more true to say that a comparison with a

¹ *The Leofric Missal*. With Introduction by the Rev. H. B. Warren. Clarendon Press, 1883.

modern Roman Missal will show the utter absence of any material alterations which have taken place in the Canon of the Mass since the writing of the Leofric Missal. From the beginning of the Preface down to the *Agnus Dei*, excepting the prayers after the *Agnus Dei*, the whole Canon in fact is word for word the same, with one or two small omissions, as *per eundem Christum* for the present *per eundem Christum Dominum nostrum*, immediately before the *Nobis quoque peccatoribus*, and a few unimportant orthographic variations such as "circumadstantium" for the present "circumstantium"; "dedit" in the words of consecration of the chalice, for "deditque," and the like. There are no rubrics inserted in the Canon of this Missal, but their introduction or omission do not constitute an "alteration."²

The Editor contributes an Introduction which is well and carefully executed, but without wishing to detract from its many merits, there are some inaccuracies and misrepresentations which are naturally to be expected from one whose national prejudices make him see and set forth certain facts in colours not their own.

The early ecclesiastical independence of the English Church is a myth dear to many Anglicans, and make them catch at any shadow of faint outward resemblance between anything in the present Establishment and the Church of former times. The election of bishops seems to the Editor to afford one of these shadows, and he grasps at it accordingly. "The mode of election," he says, "resembled that prevailing in the Anglican rather than in the Roman Church of the present day." But a few sentences before, he has to make an admission which effectually neutralizes any seeming resemblance. Speaking of the Church of England he says: "Her archbishops from the very first applied for and wore the pall," sent to them from Rome as a symbol of jurisdiction given and received.

Nothing could show more conclusively the ecclesiastical subjection of the English Church of the period to the One recognized Ruler of the Christian Church, than this act of ecclesiastical submission on the part of the chief pastor of the English Church. The Editor has drawn an erroneous conclusion from not attending to the distinction always made

² The "rubrics" were originally collected in a separate book, the *Ordo Romanus*, just as the ecclesiastical *chants* were in the *Antiphonarium*, and the *prayers* for various purposes, including the Mass, were in the *Sacramentarium*.

between the *nomination* of bishops and the *confirmation* of their election. In the middle ages the Metropolitan confirmed the election of bishops, while the Popes confirmed the election of Metropolitans. This confirmation of the Primate of any church secured that *unity* of ecclesiastical jurisdiction about which the Popes were solicitous, so that whether the Popes confirmed the election of bishops themselves—*per se*—summoning them to Rome as is the practice now, or whether they confirmed their election by means of their official delegates, the metropolitans, the whole difference in the two practices is conveyed in the legal adage, *qui facit per alium facit per se*. The mere *nomination* of bishops was a thing about which various privileges were granted or acquiesced in by the Popes, in other ages no less than in our own, and the endeavour to deduce the “national independence” of the Anglo-Saxon Church from the fact that the bishops might be the “nominees” of the King, is like trying to prove the “national independence” of the present Church of France, because the Bishops of that Church are officially the “nominees” of President Grèvy.

This same propensity to draw Anglican conclusions from Anglo-Saxon premisses spoils much of the Editor's otherwise useful labours. As an *argument*, the attempt to show from certain collects and postcommunions that Communion in both kinds was the practice of the Anglo-Saxon, is as inconclusive as would be a similar attempt to show that Communion in both kinds is now the practice of the Roman Church from similar words in the present Roman Missal, since the very words which the Editor quotes in proof are read in the Roman Missal in the postcommunion for the Vigil of the Nativity, “*Cujus cælesti mysterio pascimur et potamur*.” Since the present ecclesiastical discipline, ordaining Communion in one kind for the laity only dates from the Council of Constance, which met in 1414, there was nothing to prevent the Anglo-Saxon Church conforming to the recognized ecclesiastical discipline of that period. But how does this justify any departure from the ecclesiastical discipline of our own times?

4.—SERMONS AND DISCOURSES.¹

Among the many names which Ireland has added to the roll of the illustrious prelates of the Church, few are more widely known or more deeply respected than that of John of Tuam. Even among Irish Bishops, there are not many who identified themselves more with the nation from which they sprung, with the best and holiest interests of the people committed to their care, than the great Archbishop whose long episcopate covers such a memorable epoch of the history of Ireland.

The thoughts and utterances of a prelate who has thus occupied so large a portion of public attention, and for so long a period, as John M'Hale, Archbishop of Tuam, cannot fail to be deeply interesting to many classes of readers even beyond the circle of his co-religionists. Many who were not privileged to hear his living voice will welcome the opportunity afforded them by this reprint of some of his discourses of finding out from his own words what manner of man he was.

The few sermons which have been with much judgment selected for reproduction cover a fairly wide range of subjects, dogmatic truths, moral teaching, and sermons for special occasions, and they well exemplify the mental calibre of their distinguished author.

Although the subjects of the discourses are sufficiently various, we find the same clear common sense, the same strong individuality, the same happiness of expression running through all of them.

Among the many discourses which are here collected, the one on education is not the least interesting. It is a question still more burning now than it was when the discourse was pronounced, and the discourse itself contains many passages worthy of remembrance.

Far from finding in the development of the laws of the material world any reason for deviating from the path which she has hitherto pursued in the education of her children, the Catholic Church beholds but fresh manifestations of the triumph of the spiritual principle, and fresh arguments for the necessity of providing for man's spiritual destination. Who could seriously contemplate those modern prodigies of art, of which the realities surpass the boldest imaginings of fiction,

¹ *Sermons and Discourses.* By the late Most Rev. John M'Hale, D.D., Archbishop of Tuam. Edited by Thomas M'Hale, D.D., Ph. D. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1883.

and could ever bring himself to believe that those who mastered obstacles, hitherto deemed unconquerable, could perish with the material elements which they so entirely subdued? . . . The religious element alone is wanting to complete and perfect the education of such men, to guide them, as well as the more lowly masses, to the attainment of the good for which they were created. To all such who are exclusively occupied in the investigations of nature, and but little solicitous about their salvation, the Church addresses herself. As you have explored and applied with such success the laws that have been framed for the preservation of the natural being, why not, with a consistent perseverance, ascertain and reduce to practice those higher and holier laws of the same Creator by which He has ordained to save your immortal soul? (p. 269).

Certainly, in these days of many examinations, the education of a boy is becoming more and more to be looked upon as something which the Archbishop of Tuam says emphatically is not education.

His education is *not* a mere lesson to be retained by the memory; it is likewise a labour, a discipline, a succession of acts of self-denial, by which a stubborn and headstrong will is to be mastered and subdued (p. 275).

We could hardly content ourselves with extracts from this one discourse, if the name of the author of these sermons were not a guarantee of the extent to which they will be read and appreciated.

5.—BY FELL AND FJORD.¹

It is not easy to connect the idea of anything pleasant with Iceland. Its very name makes us shiver, and the impression left on our mind by the geography books whence our earliest notions of the world we live in were derived, is that of a treeless, trackless land, full of barren plains and vast morasses, almost outside the regions of civilization. But now the tourists, who in increasing numbers visit the island during their summer holiday, tell us that they have found the country most agreeable, the fishing excellent, the inhabitants courteous and intelligent. Miss Oswald, to whom we are indebted for a very entertaining and well-written record of her travels in Iceland, journeyed thither in three different years, the enjoyment of the trip

¹ *By Fell and Fjord; or Scenes and Studies in Iceland.* By E. J. Oswald. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood and Sons.

increasing with her knowledge of the language and larger acquaintance with the Icelanders themselves, for she stopped at the farms and shared the life of the people. It was the historical background which in her case invested this peaceful and simple land with attractiveness, surrounding it, as she says, with a halo of romance which closer acquaintance did not dispel. Iceland was, as is well known, first peopled, not by savages, but by a race already advanced in civilization, the most able and spirited of the Northmen, of whose free individuality its literature—which being quite unlike anything else in Europe possesses a special charm for the student—is a product. Prior to their surrender to Norwegian dominion in 1264, the Icelanders, after the introduction of writing, had a period of extraordinary literary activity, extending over two hundred years and more; at that time they equalled, if they did not excel, contemporary nations in arts, poetry, and arms. With the love of political independence their literary pre-eminence vanished, and since, on the union of Norway and Denmark, the island was transferred to Danish rule, their history has been one of retrogression and decay. As a nation, they are still a kindly and intellectual race, living much in the past, and notwithstanding their isolated position, boasting many learned and highly cultivated men. The language still retains the Archaic form of the ancient Scandinavian, of which Danish is a modernized and simplified dialect. Miss Oswald gives a sketch of many interesting sagas, translating some historical ballads with pathos and spirit. We give a specimen.

What is the wondrous form
Far in the North,
Round her the circling storm
Whirls the snow forth?
Maiden with veil of snow
Swathed round her icy brow,
All her heart fire below,
Far in the North.

Iceland, thou island maid
Loved of my heart,
Fire-gemmed and snow-arrayed,
Stern as thou art,
Dread as thy beauty's pride,
I fain thy knight would ride,
Sworn thine whate'er betide,
Loved of my heart (p. 223).

In no country is social equality more complete, the employer not being considered privileged to treat the employed as an inferior. But a traveller, if courteous himself, need not be on the defensive: he will meet with friendliness and warm hospitality in the upper classes, and can rely on the honesty and kindly disposition of the people. "Come thou blest," is the Icelander's welcome when guests come to his house. Hotels there are none, and the ordinary inn is the church of the place, if church there be. To some it may seem somewhat sacrilegious to sup in a pew, and to sleep in a pulpit, and, when a light is necessary, to kindle the candles upon the (so-called) altar, but the Icelanders—who since the Reformation was imposed on them by the Danes, appear to be all Protestants—entertain no inconvenient veneration for the temples where they meet once a week for devotional purposes, and unhesitatingly take up their night-quarters there.

To an Icelander on a journey it comes as a matter of course to spend the night under the church roof if no other is available. He gives as little trouble as possible, and no feeling of disrespect is involved in the custom. It is otherwise as regards a crowd of foreign tourists. Some of them are perhaps delighted to find themselves the heroes and heroines of so wonderful an adventure, and turn the whole affair into an indecorous joke, annoying to their hosts. . . . The use of churches as sleeping-places for travellers in a sparsely-peopled country, where only one guest-chamber could be set apart in the dwellings of the farmers, is a great boon (p. 214).

Such is Miss Oswald's opinion; but she confesses, however, to finding her apartment cold and damp, and somewhat "eerie;" she gives an amusing account of one night in a church, which is unfortunately too long for quotation. More often she met with excellent entertainment in the pastor's house, where she found people very superior to their surroundings, and an evening spent in agreeable conversation, music, and cards, formed a pleasant end to a day spent on horseback in the wilds. Sometimes a farmhouse afforded her accommodation of a humbler sort.

The floor is of trodden earth, the walls of untrimmed turf, and you grope your way through the darkness into a higher cavern, the *eldhus* or kitchen, where a stickfire burns amid stones, and some of the smoke wanders out through a hole in the roof; clothes, stockings, fish, all that is wet and needs to be dried indeed hang suspended on the smoky rafters, and a big pot boils rice and milk over the fire. There are no

chairs, but you may sit on an inverted tub and warm yourself and admire the rich brown shadows and blue smoky lights, which set off the clear complexions of the children who lounge about, while the mistress prepares the dried fish which is the substitute for bread; and a very aged party, a poor relation, who in this busy hay-time is her only indoor assistant, and has become, like some insects, just the colour of the smoke and earth she lives in, potters about, almost indistinguishable in the dim light. To the right the passage leads to the family room, where, on one of several box-beds, some one is always sleeping, for they seem to rest in turns as on board ship. Fish bones ornament the floor. By a ladder you reach the loft where the *bondé* and his wife live, by a door the wainscoted guest-room, where a good bed, some chests, a table, and four battered chairs, which look as if they had walked here in the rain, make up a very tolerable room, if the window would open, and if the air were not the mere leavings of the family den (p. 79).

This, however, was hardly an average farm. The *bondé* is often the owner of wide lands, and has the independent dignity of a lord of the soil. These men have a hard struggle with nature under a hostile sky and with ungrateful soil. The pasture lands are extensive, and herds of excellent rough ponies of unlimited hardihood and of great sagacity and dexterity are always at the service of the traveller. Of the scenery Miss Oswald says:

There are valleys many miles long, all marsh-lands; there are mountains, destitute of any scrap of wholesome vegetation, with only occasional patches of moss of an unnaturally vivid green to accentuate the dark colours of the background; there are stretches of country, all black fissured lava, as far as the eye can see; there are cold black bogs, and hot blue bogs, ice-laden rivers and boiling streams. Then there are smooth patches of cultivated meadow-land, the little lonely houses in the wilderness of barren hills, the gardens where a few vegetables and hardy flowers are tenderly shielded from the storms, the sheepfolds by the farms, the stir of human life round the homesteads. But the scenery is in some parts truly beautiful, in the grand blending of mountain and sea views up the fjords; and the sun, which in the South is sometimes an enemy, in the North is always a friend. All the long summer-day it causes the wild landscape to pass from charm to charm; everything rejoices in the perpetual sunshine; the air is crystal clear, the colouring intense beyond description (p. 3).

Our cheery authoress does not omit to give some particulars about the fishing, she herself being no mean adept in this sport. "Sometimes," she says, "there is splendid sport, lively sea-trout and large salmon-trout rising freely and rushing about in the

swift currents in a most exciting way. The absence of all trees gives one a great advantage in seeing fish." Upon the subject of the deep-sea fishing she does not enter, pleading a lack of knowledge sufficient to give value to her observations. She tells us, however, that it is

a matter of great importance to the inhabitants. The newspapers are full of it. A cod is stamped on the current coin, and formerly three cod fish figured upon a most unwarlike ensign. The historical and romantic aspect of the country, which I have chiefly dwelt on, is well symbolized by the other national flag, which bears a white Icelandic falcon on a blue field—the princely bird, which was almost priceless in former days, and is in itself a type of the trained power, mettle, and energy of the hardy Norsemen.

6.—EARLY CANONICAL PENANCES.¹

The present is a work of original research on a matter which is very important, and which has very much needed further elucidation. All who have tried at times to find out what precisely was the nature of the early canonical penances, must have felt that often the authors of various works failed, in many points, to furnish very satisfactory information. It was, therefore, well worth the while of Dr. Schmitz to give fifteen years to a special investigation of the Church's penitentiary books, and to go to the fountain head by examining the original manuscripts of Italy, France, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and England.

From the seventh century the study of the Penitentiary was regarded as quite a necessary part of a priest's training, just as now-a-days the study of some competent treatise on moral theology is indispensable to candidates for the priestly ministry. Hence we read in the decrees of Gratian that, besides other books, the Penitential Canon must be familiar to the priest; and that else the very name of priest is hardly deserved, *quia valde periculosæ sunt evangelicæ minæ quibus dicitur; si cæcus cæco ducatum præstet, ambo in foveam cadunt.*

As usual, it is the early time that gives the greatest trouble to the investigator. This first period is placed by Dr. Schmitz as extending over the first six centuries. During these ages

¹ *Die Bussbücher und Buss-disciplin der Kirche nach Handschriftlichen Quellen dargestellt von Herrn. Jos. Schmitz, Doctor der Theologie und des K. Rechtes. Mainz. Verlag von Franz Kircheim, 1883.*

four stations or stages were established, which were passed through by the penitent within a term varying from three to fifteen years. In the first stage by tears and groanings he merited to enter upon the course of canonical purgation ; in the second, he listened with the catechumens to the exposition of Christian doctrine, and especially had to apply that doctrine to discovering the heinousness of his own sins ; thus he was prepared to enter upon the third, or principal stage, when the Church assumed the control of his penitential deeds, and supervised the daily course of his exercises. A fourth stage completed the good work.

The third of the above stations deserves special notice, as it is from this source that Dr. Schmitz seeks to draw the distinguishing character of the second period in the history of canonical penances. Here he joins issue with other distinguished writers on the same subject. In his opinion it was the decline of solemnity that marks the new era in the penitential discipline. With the abolition of the priest penitentiary by Nectarius, there went the abolition of the third station and all its solemn forms, its daily imposition of hands by the Bishop during the Holy Mysteries, its constantly supervised exercises, &c. Of course the act of Nectarius affected immediately the East only ; but in the West a like change set in, due, among other causes, to the progress of the Church and the gradual disappearance of the catechumenate, with which the third station was so intimately related. Even a desire to shorten the Church ceremonies must be reckoned as one motive ; for as St. Augustine remarks, *Quando pœnitentibus imponitur manus fit ordo longissimus*. Thus the penances became less ceremonial and less public as time went on, though they continued to be strictly canonical, in the true sense of the term ; and the mistake of many authors is, according to Dr. Schmitz, to mistake solemn publicity for canonicity.

Our author distinguishes two other periods in addition to the two already mentioned ; but for an account of these, and for the text and commentary on the several penitentiaries, we must refer the reader to the work itself, which we are glad to recommend to the study of our readers.

7.—MAGYARORSZÁG ÁSVÁNYAI.¹

Although notices and reviews of foreign works, and more particularly French and German, appear almost daily in our journals, yet it is seldom that the attention of the English public is directed to a Hungarian work. The fact may perhaps be accounted for by the fewness of our countrymen who are acquainted with the Magyar language. This arises most probably from the difficulty of acquiring a knowledge of the Hungarian tongue, owing to its almost total linguistic isolation from all the other languages of Europe. Certainly the reason of our ignorance of Hungarian literature is not because there is no such literature in existence worth our reading. For although previous to the creation of the Hungarian Academy in 1830 the stock might have been scanty and not over-valuable, yet after that date such an impetus was given by the new Patriotic Society to the development of the native language, that Hungary has now fairly shot forward and is abreast of her European neighbours.

This is more especially the case in the department of fiction. Epic and lyrical poets of no little merit, as well as romances, have been exceedingly numerous. The fine lyrics of Alexander Petöfi hold a position in his own country similar to those of Burns in Scotland; and, in fact, have gained for their author the title of the "Burns of Hungary." Sir John Bowring's translation of these poems has made Petöfi's name well known in England. And in the line of novel-writing, Mr. A. J. Patterson's version of *Az új földsur* (the New Landlord) has won a British reputation for the prolific and powerful novelist, Maurice Fókai.

In the matter of history, the Magyars hold their own. But in the sciences, logic, astronomy, physics, and so forth, they stand hitherto confessedly several degrees lower than their contemporaries in the scale of perfection. So much so, that in the important subject of mineralogy, the accurate study of which is a *sine quâ non* for a proficient geologist, we believe that Professor Tóth, whose work is now in our hands, may fairly claim the honour of being first in the field. This is the more to be wondered at when we recollect the profuse variety and richness of the Hungarian minerals. However, an excellent

¹ *The Minerals of Hungary, with special regard to the determination of their occurrences.* By Prof. Michael Tóth, S.J. Budapest, 1883.

beginning has now been made. Because Father Tóth's book is the first produced in the Magyar language on Hungarian minerals, it is not therefore to be set down as being, like most pioneers, crude and incomplete. On the contrary, *The Minerals of Hungary* presents every sign of a full and thorough catalogue of all the minerals to be found in that country. The book, although a tolerably large volume of some five hundred and sixty pages, does not pretend to enter into very great detail of description, each entry commonly not exceeding a few lines. Still, this rule does give way occasionally, and we meet with more detailed accounts accompanied by a chemical analysis of the mineral in question. But on the whole, the author, as he tells us partly in the title-page, aims chiefly at exhibiting a complete list of all the minerals to be found in the country and an exact reference to the places where they are to be found. The geological relations of the minerals are likewise carefully noticed.

Professor Tóth is no mere compiler; he has united diligent observation to deep study. Intimately acquainted with the country whose minerals he is studying, he has nevertheless wisely availed himself of the labours of foreigners. The great number of references we see made throughout the volume to the London Museum of Practical Geology is one proof, and to us not an uninteresting proof, of this fact.

The value of Professor Tóth's work has already received a general recognition in his own country; and we sincerely hope that the author's labours may likewise meet the approval of foreign students. Still, before concluding we cannot help expressing one regret, that the Reverend Professor, in a matter of such universal, cosmopolitan interest as a scientific work should have so narrowed the practical utility of his book by writing it in a language rarely understood.

8.—MY HOME-FARM.¹

This is a pleasantly-written introduction to the art of farming on a small scale. It is cast in the form of a narrative of actual experience, but the practical end in view is never sacrificed for the sake of mere literary style. Abundant details are given on every subject treated, and the wonder is that the authoress has

¹ *My Home-Farm.* By Mrs. J. H. Burton. London: Longmans, 1883.

been able to convey so much information in so small a space, for the whole book contains only some one hundred and twenty pages, and may be easily read through in one afternoon. Mrs. Burton has found the management of a small farm both an interesting and a profitable undertaking, and recommends it to ladies living in the country as an experiment worth trying. She appears to have begun her own farming operations under not the most favourable circumstances—her “domain,” she tells us, “was a lovely field, rather rocky, shaded by some splendid trees, and facing northwards; a small and unproductive garden; and a large rough back court, surrounded by roomy but ruinous and rat-eaten outhouses”—altogether it would seem a place where there was more of the picturesque than the profitable. Nevertheless she succeeded, and she believes that where she succeeded, other ladies may go and do likewise, though she acknowledges at the same time that it involves some risk.

It is quite clear that Mrs. Burton possesses, in no common degree, the power of close observation of and attention to details, a power that goes far to secure success in most occupations. We can see too, in her little book, evidence that she has a great affection for animals, and a power of sympathising with them and understanding their ways—another element of success in dealing with them.

I never could bear [she says] to hear animals asking and re-asking something. I am sure that—to say nothing of humanity or one's care for the creature's suffering—the value of an animal, its available productive energy, must be appreciably lowered by straining its voice for several hours in fruitless prayer. I never heard any usual or incomprehensible sounds among my animals without either myself hastening to inquire its cause or sending some one else to do so, with orders to report to me, and the accustomed sounds, the understood language of the dumb creatures, was always attended to.

Even for those dwellers in the country who have no practical purpose connected with farming in view, some of the chapters will be very pleasant reading, and for beginners who want some clear common-sense advice plainly put, the book will, we are sure, be a very welcome acquisition.

9.—WITHOUT BEAUTY.¹

The name of this book is not an unfamiliar one, as we have already made its acquaintance in the original French. We rejoice to welcome it in an English dress, since it forms an exception to most French novels, which, as a rule, are not to be recommended to English readers. This story is, as its title tells us, the story of a plain woman—one who is not only pronounced to be plain by others, but is ready herself to acknowledge the unwelcome fact that her face, if it does not repel by its ugliness, will at least never attract by its comeliness. The heroine's story, which she relates herself, is no uncommon one. The only child of a delicate mother, she is committed at four years old, on that mother's death, to the charge of an aunt and an old servant, who idolize the little girl; all the dormant tenderness of their nature—for woman's heart is leavened with maternal love, and the aunt's married life had been saddened by having no children—being roused towards the child who, by the brightness and mirth she brought to the house, supplied the only want of their life. Happy indeed was Gabrielle's childhood, spent in blissful ignorance of her ugliness, and cruel was the contrast when, on her father's second marriage, she was removed from an atmosphere of affectionate indulgence to a cold region of indifference and harshness. After openly revolting against her step-mother, a true *marâtre*, she was sent to school, where fresh trials awaited her in the discovery of her own ugliness. Children are pitiless, and her companions quickly dispelled all the illusions her fond aunt had encouraged as to the external gifts nature had bestowed on her. The name of "Ugly Puss," by which they distinguished her, stung her self-love to the quick, and she withdrew from the others at recreation to brood over her wrongs in solitude.

In the middle of the garden was a little basin of water; I sat down upon the stone that surrounded it, and looked at the reflection of myself within. Alas! no better moment could have been chosen to convince me that Lucy had made no mistake in calling me plain. My eyelids were red, my nose was swollen, my complexion coarse; in fact, I was extremely ugly. Why could I not have a beautiful hair like Sara's [her step-mother's sister], a delicate skin, and a little nose? A little nose

¹ *Without Beauty*, or the Story of a Plain Woman. Translated from the French of Mlle. Zénaïde Fleuriot. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.

especially? As I asked myself this question, Sara's face appeared in the limpid water.

"What are you doing there, Gabrielle?" she asked.

I was a little ashamed of being caught in the very act of examining my personal appearance; but Sara had been so kind to me that I did not mind confessing my weakness to her, and I answered, "I am looking at the little girl in the water, the one everybody calls *Plain Puss*."

Looking at me attentively she said: "But you are not ugly; I am sure your eyes are larger than mine."

And taking the end of her black alpaca apron, she measured my right eye, and then her own, and presently pronounced them to be of exactly the same size.

"But my nose," I remarked, sadly.

Sara looked at it and even felt it. "If only it were thinner," she said, and holding it delicately between her thumb and first finger, she studied the effect of the pressure applied. "Does that hurt you?" she asked.

"No," I replied, in a nasal tone; "but how oddly it makes me speak."

At that moment we were summoned. I hid my face in my hands, muttering sorrowfully: "They will laugh at me again when we go to lessons."

"Never mind," said Sara gently; "and above all don't look cross; that is the only thing that makes you ugly, and so the girls try to vex you, all for fun."

I resolved to follow this good little bit of advice, and from that day my life at St. Mary's was a happy one (p. 86).

At eighteen Gabrielle left the convent, with much regret, and returned to her father's house, improved in mind and manners, though, alas! not in looks. There is a most amusing account of the malice displayed by her step-mother, who, on the occasion of the young girl's first ball, causes her to make her *début* in a brilliant rose-coloured dress, with the express object of making the too florid hues of her complexion appear to the very worst advantage. It is needless to say that poor Gabrielle found herself without partners, whilst Mrs. Perceval, who had been married for her beauty, was a centre of attraction.

Presently she seated herself, and addressing me said: "These ladies think your dress charming, Gabrielle; I have been much complimented about it. But my goodness! What a colour you have! One would think you had been dancing."

Mrs. Perceval's remarks provoked me even more than the false compliments which had been paid her, and I said to her: "No, I have

not been dancing, but my dress heightens the colour of my complexion, as of course it must."

"Rose-colour really only suits pale people," remarked my neighbour, "and I was surprised at your wearing it, Gabrielle."

"But this dress is my mother's choice," I rejoined, with feigned sweetness, so as to be heard by Mrs. Perceval; "she was so kind as to present me with it." This little stroke of malice concluded the conversation. My step-mother and the young ladies went to dance. I should have liked to dance this quadrille, and I grew uneasy. I put on an indifferent air; I examined the flowers in my bouquet and the seams of my gloves, and I came to the conclusion that it is not pleasant to be a wall-flower when one is eighteen.

At last, to my great delight, a tall young man, with a beardless chin and an awkward figure, came, I have no doubt at the suggestion of the lady of the house, and languidly asked for the honour of the next dance.

... "We took our places for a country dance. My partner was timid and said not a word; it mattered not—I danced for dancing's sake. The air was stifling; I thought that people were looking at us, and an indefinite sense of uneasiness crept over me. I hung down my head in confusion, and only longed to hide from all these indifferent or critical eyes the crimson shining face reflected by all the mirrors around me.

At last the country dance was over, and I returned to my step-mother's side. "Surely you feel ill, Gabrielle," she said. "I don't know whether it is still the effect of your dress, but you look as if you were going to have a fit."

I let her enjoy her triumph; anything I could then have said would have seemed like spite. Soon the Misses Dauloir came back, and each in succession remarked, "My goodness! How red you are!"

I left the brilliant ball-room more eagerly than I had entered it, and when I reached my room I gladly threw aside the beautiful dress, which I had foolishly hoped might have the power of making me look well (p. 125).

Later on we find Gabrielle engaged to René du Bressy, the playmate of her childhood, but while the engagement was in an early stage, Sara, her school friend, arrives on a visit, and being kept in ignorance by Mrs. Perceval of the relations in which Gabrielle and René stand to each other, she supplants her in the fickle affections of the young man, and in due time marries him. Gabrielle bears her trials admirably, and finally, on Sara's early death, regains the place in René's heart which, as he assured her, had in reality always belonged to her. The book concludes with the following sage advice:

And now that you have finished, dear reader, you will conclude that, whether pretty, or, like Mrs. du Bressy, not well treated by nature in the matter of looks, with a loving heart, an even temper, high and noble feelings, and, above all, practical religion, a woman may be happy and may win solid affection. Beauty is not enough, for this charming fragile gift has two great enemies—time, which pitilessly impairs it, and custom, which is no less implacable, but custom strengthens affection of a sterling nature. If a woman who is without external attractions does not meet with the flattering attention and the common-place sympathy which beauty commands, she can always ensure the sincere affection of family and friends, and this is what I wish you, for it alone is desirable (p. 303).

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE Bollandists have issued the first volume of a new literary undertaking, destined to form a supplement to their main work, the *Acta Sanctorum*,¹ and at the same time to provide a medium of publication for various articles and documents which would not enter into the plan of the larger work. The *Analecta* are published quarterly, forming an annual volume of some six hundred pages. If we may take this first volume as an earnest of what the series will be, it will be a most valuable collection of original documents bearing upon the history of the Church and the lives of the saints. We have here, as a first instalment, more than five hundred pages of hitherto unpublished MS. materials, including original lives of quite a long list of saints. Amongst these the most interesting for English and Irish readers will doubtless be the "Documenta de S. Patricio" (which include the life of St. Patrick from the Book of Armagh), and the materials for the life of S. Boniface, the Apostle of Germany. Besides these lives, we notice that the *Analecta* contain reviews of books bearing upon hagiography, and the first instalment of a general catalogue of materials for the lives of the saints to be found in the libraries of Europe.

¹ *Analecta Bollandiana*. Tom. I. Ediderunt Carolus de Smedt, Gulielmus van Hooff, et Josephus de Backer, Presbyteri Societatis Jesu. Paris (Société Générale de Librairie Catholique), Palmé, 1882.

The work is beautifully printed, and we may perhaps add that the Bollandists offer it to the public at a very moderate subscription.

Father Weninger's Sermons for all Sundays throughout the year² deserve similar praise to that which we bestowed in our last number on his Sermons for the Church's Feasts. He has made it clear in his Preface to the present volume that his chief object was to furnish the clergy with a series of skeleton sermons for them to use, and develope into discourses which may be comprised within that space of twenty-five minutes, which we quite agree with him in fixing as the exact limit a discourse should reach and not exceed, except under very extraordinary circumstances indeed. He modestly speaks of lending "assistance to the preacher, to direct him in the choice of the subject of his sermon for the approaching Sunday or Feast," but he has in fact rendered an equally valuable service in supplying the general plan, and in suggesting the line of proofs and illustrations to be followed out in order to make the treatment of each subject a complete sermon. The method which he has adopted thus leaves to the missionary the opportunity and responsibility of making the subject-matter his own, and of securing point, variety, and life in its delivery to his people, according to their varying circumstances. But this book of sermons may well serve two other purposes, for while each sermon is sufficiently brief and yet detailed in its working out to form a short exhortation for public reading at an early Mass, when there is no regular discourse, its clear, large type, and well-defined sections, also recommend it for the private reading of aged persons or of invalids, who may have no opportunity of hearing a sermon in the Church.

The theme of this tale³ cannot be said to be exactly a new one. It contains the history, both spiritual and temporal, of three friends, very different in character and circumstances, whose various paths lead them to the goal which all earnest seekers after truth fail not sooner or later to attain. The writer takes us back to the beginning of the century, and introduces us to the boys whose fortunes we are to follow as they emerge from

² *Original, Short, and Practical Sermons for every Sunday of the Ecclesiastical Year.* Three Sermons for every Sunday. By Father X. Weninger, S.J., Doctor of Theology. Third Edition. Cincinnati, 1883.

³ *Percy Grange; or the Ocean of Life.* By the Rev. T. J. Potter. M. H. Gill and Son, 50, Upper Sackville Street.

the ordeal of a public school. Then, after relating some most amusing episodes of their school-boy days, and showing us the homes of their youth, he bids us follow them to Oxford, not to set before us a picture of the University as it then was, an intention he expressly disavows, but to trace the workings of the hero's mind, and observe his waning doubt and waxing conviction in favour of Catholicism. It was this which made Eustace Percy's stay at Oxford—falling as he did under the influence of some of the leaders of the Oxford movement—the turning point in his life, changing all his future, and enveloping him in a storm of trouble and pain which threatened for a time to engulf his little bark, and made him pass through years of fierce affliction and weary anxiety, ere the clouds broke at last and the ocean became calm. The sympathy of the reader will be awakened for each of the friends in turn, and although we cannot promise he will find much that is original either in the narrative or the controversy with which a good many pages are filled, he will find it an attractive and agreeable tale, and will perhaps, as the writer expresses his hope, through its simple agency be drawn insensibly to the love of God, the practice of Christian virtue, and, even, should he be yet ignorant of it, to the knowledge of Divine truth.

Father Hayden has some very keen criticisms to pass upon the somewhat "mixed" notions about perception put forward by Professor Huxley, and his to some extent follower, Professor Maguire.⁴ There is no small confusion in the changing systems of modern philosophy in distinguishing between our perception of an object and the object perceived. Father Hayden points out in a few trenchant words the fallacious reasoning into which eminent professors fall by ignoring, or despising, the scholastic distinction of direct and reflex knowledge. Take, for example, Father Hayden's brief but caustic treatment of Professor Huxley's proof (?) that the redness of red marble must be *in our consciousness*, and *not* in the marble. "There are many people," Professor Huxley says, "who are what are called colour-blind, being unable to distinguish one colour from another. Such a one might declare our marble to be green, and he would be quite as right in saying that it is green as we are in declaring it to be red." To which Father Hayden replies: "Let a green marble be placed near the red one, and let them

⁴ *Professor Maguire on Perception.* By Rev. W. Hayden, S.J. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1883.

both be-inspected by a normally constituted eye. The red marble has the power of giving certain impulses to the ether which the green has not, and this power we call its redness. If the observer turn away his gaze he clearly does not deprive the red marble of this power, though it no longer acts upon his eye. The redness, therefore, continues quite independently of observation. The redness, therefore, is *not* in the consciousness, and *is* in the marble."

All Father Hayden's statements are brief, clear, and very much to the point; and one rises from the perusal of his pamphlet with a regret that it is not longer.

*Maxims for Parents*⁵ is a useful little manual, containing many practical hints about things to which the attention of parents cannot be too often directed. But the utility of this English translation would have been enhanced if the translator had borne in mind more the considerable differences there are in the circumstances of young people in England and in France. Some modifications and even omissions here and there would have been preferable to the exact following of the French original, even to the reproduction of the following advice to English-speaking parents. "Do not allow your children to address you with 'ye,' or 'you.'"

Canon Wenham, already well known for various useful aids to Catholic education, has lately published a *Sacred History Reading Book*,⁶ of which the speciality is that it keeps as close as possible to the words of Holy Scripture. This gives a picturesque freshness to the narrative, wholly wanting in most of the ordinary summaries, besides conveying a far better knowledge of the original. We cannot put the Old Testament into the hands of children. Such a use of it is foreign to the object with which it was penned by the sacred writers, but a little book like the one before us gives just that knowledge of the Sacred Text that is desirable for the young.

⁵ *Maxims and Duties of Parents*. By M. Avisonet, Canon and Vicar-General of Troyes. Translated by Sister M. B. Davin. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1883.

⁶ *Sacred History Reading Book*. By J. G. Wenham, Canon of Southwark. London: Published for the Author.

II.—MAGAZINES.

The publication of a new manual of devotion to the Sacred Heart, specially designed for seminarists, but much commended to the use of Christians in general, has been the motive of an article in the *Katholik* on the subject, which would form an excellent preface to the manual in question. It treats of the origin, object, and aim of that devotion, which, as the writer points out, has always been a favourite one with the children of the Church, and is of the same antiquity as the Church herself, not of recent introduction, as some are led to imagine because of the greater prominence lately given to it through the instrumentality of the Jesuits. Dr. Seidl concludes his study of the Diaconate in early times, showing it to have been a sacred office. The readers of the *Katholik* will be interested in a biographical notice of Dr. Gasser, the Prince-Bishop of Brixen, who has lately passed away, leaving a name worthy of record in the Church's annals, not only on account of his important services at the Vatican Council, which led Pius the Ninth to term him one of the pillars of the Council, but on account of the more local influence exercised by him in Austria and the Tyrol, which won for him an eulogium from the lips of Leo the Thirteenth, who declared him to be a model bishop. The early years of this exemplary prelate, noticed in the July issue, betoken extraordinary piety and virtue. A biography of him has just been published by a Canon of the Cathedral in Brixen. The treatise, for it is nothing short of this, on Father Secchi's physical system is not yet concluded. The point discussed in the present number is the origin of organic being. The theories of other scientists, with which the writer displays a thorough and extensive acquaintance, are passed in brief review, the fallacy or inadequacy of each being shown, so that the searcher after truth is reduced, *per exclusionem*, to the final alternative proposed in the Book of Genesis.

The August issue of the *Stimmen aus Maria Laach* opens with the first instalment of a series of articles on the early life and circumstances of the late Father Kleutgen. The deep regret felt at the loss of this gifted member of the Society of Jesus must be tempered by a sense of gratitude on account of

the works of permanent value which he leaves behind him, and which will hand down his name to posterity as that of a great philosopher. Little is known about him personally, as he led a retired life, apart from the world, although the eminent services he rendered to the Church at large, and especially the Church in Germany, merited that the Supreme Pontiff should term him *princeps philosophorum*. From his earliest childhood he seems to have considered himself destined for the priesthood, and to have displayed a gravity and love of study far beyond his years. His student life at Munich was a time of doubt and mental conflict, as may be gathered from some poetical effusions which Father Langhorst gives to the reader. Another article places before us the determined efforts made by the Electors of Brandenburg and their successors, the first and second Kings of Prussia, to become supreme in ecclesiastical matters, a system of which the present State tyranny in Prussia is said to be a legitimate revival. It is, however, shown to have been completely without precedent until the middle of the seventeenth century, when the assumption of spiritual jurisdiction by the secular power was an innovation almost as contrary to the constitution of the realm as it is to the fundamental principles of Catholicism, and one which the Catholic subjects of the Elector were far from accepting with tame submission and acquiescence. Father Baumgartner takes Zeeland this time for the subject of his sketches in the Netherlands, and contrives to give a pleasant picture of it, despite the monotonous flatness of the landscape, unbroken by a single hill, and the strange effect produced by the endless canals, which cut both town and country into islands. Father Baumgartner knows how to bring into relief the many points of historical and general interest, and to give the reader a capital idea of the scenes his pen depicts.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (No. 796) devotes some pages to the discussion of a new scheme—or rather, the revival of old utopian schemes—for the settlement of the Roman question, which has found its way into the Italian papers. It is a deification of society, not of the State, and would allow to Catholicism as personified in the Head of the Church, the free exercise of supreme spiritual jurisdiction; and for this purpose it is suggested that Rome should no longer be the seat of the secular Government, and the city should be *lent* rather than surrendered to the Pope, whose spiritual power would form a bulwark

against the encroachments of the State on the rights of the people. This new-fangled scheme is only another form of Liberalism, seeking emancipation from supernatural authority in all but what appertains strictly to religion, which may be believed in or not at will, an attempt at a compromise between the Head of the Church and those who, under the flag of United Italy, bind his hands and hinder him from challenging the enemies of God who trample upon religion and seek to subvert social order. The *Civiltà* shows in another article that the study of nature only leads to a more reverential faith in the truths of revelation in the case of those who enter upon it in a humble spirit. The scientific notes mention an instrument lately invented by Dr. Cerebotani for the instantaneous measurement of space, which has attracted much notice in Germany, though the Italian Government refused any encouragement to the inventor. The late terrible disaster at Casamicciola, in which five thousand persons perished miserably, is said to be in a great part owing to the culpable negligence and inertia of the Italian Government, not only because the assistance rendered to the sufferers was so tardy, but because the warnings of geologists who, having examined the state of the ground subsequently to the first earthquake, some years ago pronounced it unsafe, were unheeded, and rebuilding on the same site was permitted.

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